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DREAM-LAND.

BY FANNIE A. SMALL ALDEN.

Lay him gently on his pillow,
Draw the cradle curtains tight—
Close the shutters, that our darling
Be not wakened by the light.
Softly tread the yielding carpet:
Hushed the cosy chamber seems;
Shall I give you any reason?
Baby's in the land of dreams!

Do not dare to stir the fire.
Talk in whispers, if ye will;
Sleep's bright angel strikes his lyre,
Baby is in dream land still.
Land afar, and yet so near us—
Land of beauty, pain, and pleasure,
Let thy fairest spirits bless us
By appearing to our treasure.

God of dreams, these tiny footsteps
Wander no where else alone;
Show thy rarest pictures to him
Whom we fondly call our own.
Let no thought of sorrow darken
Baby's glimpse of fairy land,
But, as to your voice he hearkens,
Lead him gently by the hand.

Hark! I think I hear the angels,
Sent to guide him on his way,
Pleading that he still may linger,
In a low, melodious lay.
Hush! see how those eyes are dancing
In the light of soul that gleams
From beneath the long dark lashes!—
Baby's back from the *Land of Dreams!*

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER V.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF MYSTERY.

It seemed to Mrs. Wynne and to her son, Karl, that trouble like unto theirs had never yet fallen upon man. Loving Adam as they did, for his sake, it was more than they knew how to bear. The disgrace and blight to themselves were terrible; to Karl especially, who was, so to say, only entering on life. There are some calamities that can never be righted in this world—no, nor scarcely softened; this was one. Calamities which we can only *bear*, and look forward to and live for the next world, where no pain will be. In Karl's mind this was ever present.

His career seemed to him blighted. Of course, he had to sell his commission—he could not do anything else under the circumstances. It was, to him, a bitter blow. He was attached to his profession, and he had been looking forward to finding, in the active discharge of its duties, a relief from the blank left by the loss of Lucy Cleeve. Now he must be thrown utterly upon himself, an idle man. Everyone was very kind to him, from the commander-in-chief, with whom he had an interview, downwards—evincing for him the truest respect and sympathy, but not one of them said, "Won't you reconsider your determination and remain with us?" His Royal Highness civilly expressed regret at the loss Her Majesty would sustain in a good servant, but he took the withdrawal as a matter that admitted of no question—there could be none. Captain Wynne's only brother, escaping the gallows by an accorded favor, was working in chains on Portland Island; clearly, the captain, brave and unsullied man though he individually was, could but hasten to hide his head in private life.

It was a happy thing for Karl that he had plenty of business on his hands just now. It saved him, in a degree, from thought. Besides his own matters, there were many things to see to for his mother. The house in Northamptonshire was given up, its furniture sold, its household, except Hewitt, discharged. Karl was on the spot and saw it all. Whilst there, he had rather a struggle with himself. His natural kindliness of feeling prompted him to call and see Miss Turner. Personally, he shrank from it, for he could not forget that it was through her all the misery had happened. He did violence to his inclination, and called. The young lady seemed to be in very depressed spirits, and said but little. During the interval that had elapsed since the trial, her uncle, to whom she was much attached, had died. She told Karl that her aunt, Mrs. Turner, intended to remove at once to her native place, a remote district of Cumberland. Rose supposed she should have to move with her. Mr. Turner had left a very fair amount of property. His wife was to receive the interest of it for her whole life; at her death, the whole of it would come to Rose. As Karl shook hands with her on leaving and wished her well, something he said was taken by her as alluding to the unhappy tragedy, though he had intended nothing of the sort. It had a strange effect upon her. She rose from her seat, her hands trembling, her face becoming burning red, then changing to a ghastly whiteness.

"Don't speak of it, Captain Wynne," she exclaimed, in a voice of horror. "Don't hint at it, unless you would see me go mad. There are times when I think that madness will be my ending."

Again wishing her well, he took his departure. It was rather unlikely, he thought, that their paths would cross each other again in life.

Hewitt was sent to Foxwood. It would probably be made the future home of Mrs. Wynne and her younger son, but at present they had not gone there. For some little time, while Karl was busy in London, Northamptonshire, or elsewhere, he had lost sight of his mother. She quitted the temporary home she occupied, and, so to say, disappeared. While he was wondering what this meant, and where she could be, he received a letter from her dated Weymouth. She told him she had taken up her abode there for the present, and she charged him not to disclose this to anyone, or to let her address be known. Just for a moment, Karl was puzzled to imagine what her motive could be in going to a place that she knew nothing of. All at once, the truth flashed upon him—she would be as near as possible to that cruel prison that contained her ill-fated son.

THEY MET FACE TO FACE. "LUCY!" "KARL!"

It was even so. Adam Wynne was on Portland Island, and his mother had taken up her residence at Weymouth, to be near him. Karl, who knew not the place or the rules observed, wondered whether a spectator might stroll about on the so-called island at will, or ever get a chance glimpse of the gangs at their labor.

In the month of October, Captain Wynne—to call him by this title for a short while longer—went to Weymouth. He found his mother established in a small, mean, ready-furnished house in an obscure part of the town. It was necessary for him to see her on matters connected with the Foxwood estate, of which he had now the management; but she had charged him to come to her in as private a manner as he well could, and not to make himself or his name known, at the station or elsewhere, unless under necessity.

"She is right," thought Karl, "the name of Wynne is notorious now."

"But my dear mother, why are you *here*?" he asked, within five minutes of his entrance, as he looked at the confined walls of the mean abode. "You might at least have been more comfortably and suitably lodged."

"What I choose to do, I do," she answered, in the distant tones of former days. "It is not for you to question me."

Mrs. Wynne was altered; mental suffering had told upon her. The once fresh hues of her complexion had given place to a fixed pallor; the large, dark eyes had acquired a fierce and yet restless look. In manner alone, she was unaltered; and as to her pride, it seemed to be more dominant than ever.

"I was only thinking of your comfort, mother," he replied to her fierce rejoinder. "This is so different from what you have been accustomed to."

"Circumstances are different," she said, curtly.

"Have you but one servant in the whole house—for everything?"

"She is enough for me; she is a faithful woman. I tell you that circumstances are not what they were."

"*Some* are not, unhappily," he answered. "But others—pecuniary ones have changed the other way. You are rich now."

"And do you think I would touch a stiver of the riches that are my dear Adam's?" she retorted, her eyes blazing. "Save what may be necessary to keep up Foxwood, and to—to—. No," she resumed, after the abrupt breaking off, "I hoard them for him."

Karl wondered whether trouble had a little touched her brain. Poor Adam could have no further use for riches in this world, unless, indeed, in years to come, he should obtain what was called a ticket-of-leave. But he fancied in a case like Adam's—condemnation commuted—it was never given.

Mrs. Wynne began asking the details of the giving up of her former home. In answering, Karl happened to mention incidentally, the death of their neighbor, Mr. Turner, and his interview with Rose. The latter's name excited Mrs. Wynne beyond all precedent. It brought on one of those frightful fits of passion that Karl had not seen of late years.

"I loathe her," she wildly said. "But for her wicked machinations, my darling son had not fallen into this dreadful fate that's worse than death. May my worst curses light upon the head of Rose Turner!"

Karl did what he could to soothe the storm he had unwittingly evoked. He told his mother that she would never, in all probability, be grieved by the sight of the girl again, for she was removing to the out-of-the-world district of Cumberland.

The one servant alluded to by Karl, was a silent-mannered, capable woman of some forty years. Her mistress called her "Ann," but Karl found she was a Mrs. Hopley, a married woman. That she appeared to be really attached to her mistress, to sympathize with her in her great misfortune, and to be solicitous to render her every little service that could soothe her, Captain Wynne saw and felt grateful for.

"Where is your husband?" he one day inquired.

"Hopley's out getting his living, sir," was the answer. "We have had misfortunes, sir, and when they come to people such as us, we must do the best we can to meet them. Hopley's working on his side, and me on mine."

"He is not in Weymouth, then?"

"No, he is not in Weymouth. We are not Weymouth people, sir. I don't know much about the place. I never lived at it till I came to Mrs. Wynne."

By this, Karl presumed that his mother had brought Mrs. Hopley with her when she came herself; but he asked no further. It somewhat explained what he had rather wondered at—that his mother, usually so reticent, and more than ever so now, should have disclosed their great calamity to this woman. He thought the servant must have been already cognisant of it.

"What misfortune was it of your own that you allude to?" he gently asked.

"It was connected with our son, sir. We never had but him. He turned out wild. While he was quite a lad, so to say, he ruined us, and I had to break up the home."

"And where is he now?"

She put her check apron up to her face to hide the emotion there. "He is dead," was the low answer. "He died a dreadful death, sir, and I can't yet bear to talk of it. It's hardly three months ago."

Karl looked at the black ribbon in her cap, at the neat gown of black and white print she did her work in; and his heart went out to the woman's sorrow. He understood better now—she and her mistress had a grief in common.

But as the days went on, Karl Wynne could not help remarking that there was an atmosphere of strangeness pervading the house: he could almost have said mystery. Frequently were mistress and maid closeted together in close conference; the door locked upon them, the conversation carried on in whispers. Twice he saw Ann Hopley go out so be-cloaked and be-large-bonneted that it almost looked as though she were doing it for disguise. Karl thought it very strange.

One evening when he was reading to his mother by candle-light, the front door was softly knocked at, and some one was admitted into the kitchen. In the small house, all sounds were plainly heard. A minute or two, and Ann came in to say a visitor wished to speak to her mistress. While Karl was wondering at this—for his mother was entirely unknown in the place—Mrs. Wynne rose without the least surprise, looked at her son and hesitated.

"Will you step into another room, Karl. My interview must be private."

Sol she had expected this visit. Captain Wynne went into his bed-room. He saw—for his curiosity was excited, and he did not quite close the door—he saw a tall, big, burly man, much wrapped up, and who kept his hat on, walk up the passage to the sitting room, lighted thither by Ann. It seemed to the captain as though the visitor wished not to be seen. The interview lasted about twenty minutes. Ann then showed the man out again, and Karl returned to the parlor.

"Who was it, mother?"

"A person to see me on private business," replied Mrs. Wynne, in a voice that effectually checked further inquiries.

The days passed on monotonously. Mrs. Wynne was generally buried in her own thoughts, scarcely ever speaking to him. "If she would but make a true son of me and give me her confidence!" Karl often thought. But, to do anything of the kind was evidently not the purport of Mrs. Wynne.

He one day went over to Portland Island. The wish to make the pilgrimage and see what the place was like had been in his mind from the first; but, in the midst of the wish, a dreadful distaste to it drew him back, and he had let the time elapse without going. October was on its third week, and the days were getting wintry.

It is a dreary spot—and it struck with a strange dreariness on Capt. Wynne's spirit. Storms, that seem to fall lightly on other places, rage out their fury there. Half a gale was blowing that day, and he seemed to feel its roughness to the depth of his heart. The prospect around, with its heaving sea, romantic enough at some times, was all too wild to-day; the Race at Portland, that turbulent place which cannot be crossed by vessels, gave him a fit of the shivers. As to the few houses he saw, they were as poor as the one inhabited by his mother.

In one of the quarries, amidst its great masses of stone, stood Captain Wynne, his eyes fixed on the foaming sea, his thoughts most bitter. Within a few yards of him, so to say, worked his unfortunate brother; chained, a felon; all his hopes in this world blighted; all his comforts in life gone out forever. Karl himself was peculiarly susceptible to physical discomfort, as sensitive-natured men are apt to be; and he never thought without a shudder of what Adam had to undergo in this respect.

"Subjected to endless toil; to cruel deprivation; to isolation from all his kind!" groaned Karl, aloud. "Oh, my brother, if——"

His voice died away in very astonishment. Emerging from behind one of the blocks, at right angles with him, came two people walking side by side, and evidently conversing in close whispers. In the cloaked-up woman, with the large black bonnet and black crape veil over her face, Karl was sure he saw their servant, Ann Hopely. The other must be, he thought, one of the warders, and, unless Karl was greatly mistaken, he recognized in his big, burly frame the same man who had come a night or two before to his mother's house. They passed on without seeing him, but he saw the man's face distinctly.

A light dawned on his mind. His mother was striving to make a friend of this warder; with a view of conveying messages, perhaps also it might be, physical comforts to Adam. But why need she have hidden it from him, Karl?

When he got home that night, for he stayed out until he was tired and weary, Ann Hopely, in her usual home attire, was putting the tea-tray on the table.

"I fancied I saw Ann out to-day," he observed to his mother when they were alone.

"She went out on an errand for me," replied Mrs. Wynne.

"I have been over to the Island," continued Karl. "It was there I thought I saw her."

Mrs. Wynne was pouring out some cream into the tea-cups when he spoke. She put down the frail glass jug with a force that smashed it, and the cream ran over the tea-board.

"You have been to the Island!" she cried, in a voice that betrayed some dreadful terror.

"To the *Island*? How dared you go?"

Karl was rising to see what he could do towards repairing the mischief. The words arrested him. He had again been so unlucky as to raise one of her storms of passion; but this time he could see no reason in her anger.

"To-day is the first time I have been to the Island, mother. But I am thinking of going again. And of getting—if it be possible to obtain permission—to see *him*."

A livid color spread itself over Mrs. Wynne's face. "*I forbid it, Karl.* I forbid it, do you hear? You would ruin everything. I forbid you to go again on the Island, or to attempt to see Adam. Good heavens! you might be recognized for his brother."

"And if I were?" cried Karl, feeling completely at sea.

Mrs. Wynne sat with her two hands on the edge of the tea-tray, staring at him.

"Karl, you must go away to-morrow. To think you could be such a fool as to go *there!* This is worse than all. To-morrow you leave."

"Mother, why will you not place trust in me? Do you think you could have a truer confidant?—or Adam a warmer friend? I guess the object of Ann's visit to the Island. I saw her talking with one of the wardens to-day—the same man, or I fancied it, that came here the other night. That moment solved me the riddle: and——"

"Hush—sh—sh—sh!" breathed Mrs. Wynne in a terrified tone, ringing the bell, and looking round the walls of the room as if in dread that they had ears. "Not another word, Karl; I won't hear it."

"As you please, mother," he rejoined, feeling bitterly hurt at her lack of trust.

"Have you more cream in the house, Ann?" said Mrs. Wynne, calmly, when the woman appeared. "And you had better change the tray."

The meal was concluded in silence. Karl took up a newspaper he had brought in; Mrs. Wynne sat moodily gazing into the fire. And so the time went on.

Suddenly there arose the distant sound of guns, booming along on the still night air. To Captain Wynne it suggested no ulterior thought; brought no cause for agitation; but his mother started up in wild commotion.

"The guns, Karl! The guns!"

"What guns are they?" he exclaimed in surprise. "What are they firing for?"

She did not answer; she only stood still as a statue, her mouth slightly open with intensity of listening; her finger lifted up. In the midst of this, Ann Hopley opened the door without sound, and looked in with a terror-stricken face.

"It is not *him*, ma'am; don't you be afeared. It's some other convicts that are off; but it can't be him. The plan's not yet organized."

And Karl learnt that these were the guns from Portland Island, announcing the escape, or attempted escape, of some of its miserable prisoners.

Well for him if he had learned nothing else! The true and full meaning of what had been so mysterious flashed upon him now, like a sheet of lightning that lights up and reveals the secrets of the darkness. It was not Adam's comforts they were surreptitiously seeking to ameliorate; they were plotting for his escape.

His escape! As the truth took possession of Captain Wynne, his face grew white with a sickening terror; his brow damp as with a death sweat.

For he knew that nearly all these attempted escapes result in utter failure. The unhappy, deluded victims are re-captured, or drowned, or shot. Sitting there in his shock of agony, his dazed eyes gazing out to the fire, a prevision that death in one shape or other would be his brother's fate, if he did make the rash venture, seated itself firmly within him, as surely as though he had seen it in some fortune-teller's magic crystal.

"Mother," he said in a low tone, as he took her hand, and the door closed on Ann Hopley, "I understand it all now. I thought, simple that I was, that I had understood it before; and that you were but striving to get a way of conveying trifles in the shape of comforts to Adam. This is dreadful."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Mrs. Wynne. "You look ready to die."

"The matter is, that this has shocked me. I pray Heaven, Adam will not be so foolhardy as to attempt to escape!"

"And why should he not?" blazed forth Mrs. Wynne.

Karl shook his head.

"In nine cases out of ten, the result is nothing but death."

"And the tenth case results in life, in liberty!" she rejoined, exultantly. "My brave son does well to try for it."

Karl hid his eyes. The first thought, in the midst of the many tumultuously crowding his brain, was the strangely different estimation different people set on things. Here was his mother glorying in that to-be-attempted escape as if it were some great deed dared by a great general: he saw only its results. Whatever they might be: allowing that Adam did escape and regain his liberty: what would the "liberty" be? A life of miserable concealment; of playing at hide-and-seek with the law; a world-wide apprehension, lying on him always, of being retaken. In short, a hunted man, who must not dare to approach the haunts of his fellows, and of whom every other man must be the enemy. To Karl, the present life of degrading labor would be preferable to that.

"Do you wish to keep him there for life—that you may enjoy the benefit of his place at Foxwood and his money?" resumed Mrs. Wynne, in a tone that she well knew how to make contemptuously bitter. It stung Karl. His answer was full of pain: the pain of despair.

"I wish life had never been for him, mother. Or for me, either. If I could restore Adam to what he has forfeited by giving my own, I would do it willingly. I have not much left to live for."

The tone struck Mrs. Wynne. She thought that even the reflected disgrace, the stain on his name, scarcely justified it. Karl said a few words to her then of the blight that had fallen on his own life—the severance from Lucy Cleeve. She told him she was sorry: but it was quite evident that she was too much preoccupied with other things to care about it.

With the morning, Weymouth learnt the fate of the poor convict—it was only one—who had attempted to escape, after whom the guns were let loose like so many blood-hounds. He was retaken. It was a man who had attempted escape once before, and unsuccessfully.

"The plans were badly laid," calmly remarked Mrs. Wynne.

She did not insist upon Karl's quitting her: he knew all now; and, though he could not approve, he would not do anything to frustrate: and some more days passed on. Karl fancied, but could not be sure, that the other attempt at escape caused the action of this to be delayed. His mother and Ann Hopley seemed to be always in secret conference, and twice again there came stealthily to the house at night the same warder: or the man whom Karl had taken for one.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE CHARING CROSS HOTEL.

On All Saints' Day, the first of November—and it was as bright a day for the festival as the saints, whether in that world or this, could wish, Captain Wynne went up to London, to transact some business with his lawyers, Plunkett and Plunkett. Their chambers were within the precints of the Temple, and for convenience sake he took up his quarters at the Charing Cross Hotel.

In the course of the afternoon, as he was turning out of Essex street, having come through the little court from Plunkett and Plunkett's, he ran against a gentleman passing down the Strand. "I beg your pardon," Karl was beginning, and then became suddenly silent. It was Colonel Cleeve.

But, instead of passing on, as Karl might have expected, the colonel stopped and shook him cordially by the hand. To pass him would have jarred on every kindly instinct of his nature. As to the affair with his daughter, he attached no importance to it now, and had three parts forgotten it.

"You have sold out, Captain Wynne. I—I have been so very sorry for the sad causes that induced the step. Believe me, you have had all along my very best sympathy."

Karl hardly knew what he answered. A few words of murmured thanks, nothing more.

"You are not well," returned the colonel, regarding the slender form looking thinner than of yore, very thin in its

black attire. "This has told upon you."

"It has, very much. There are some trials that can never be made light in this life," he continued, speaking the thoughts that were ever uppermost in his mind. "This is one of them. I thank you for your sympathy, Colonel Cleeve."

"And that's true, unfortunately," cried the colonel, warmly. "You don't know how you are regretted at Winchester by your brother officers."

With another warm handshake, the colonel passed on. Karl walked back to his hotel. In traversing one of its upper passages, a young lady came out of a sitting-room to cross to an opposite chamber. Captain Wynne took a step back to let her pass in front of him, and they met face to face.

"Lucy!"

"Karl!"

The salutation broke from each before they well knew where they were or what had happened, amidst a rush of bewildering excitement, of wild joy. They had, no doubt, as in duty bound, been trying to forget each other; this moment of unexpected meeting proved to each how foolish was the fallacy. A dim idea made itself heard within either breast that they ought, in that duty alluded to, pass on and linger not—but we all know how vain and weak is the human heart. It was not possible, and they stood hand locked within hand.

Only for an instant. Lucy, looking very weak and ill, leaned back against the door-post for support. Karl stood before her.

"I have just met Colonel Cleeve," he said; "but I had no idea that you were in London. Are you staying here?"

"Until to-morrow. We came up yesterday. Papa chose this hotel, as it is convenient for the Folkestone trains. Mamma is here."

"Lucy, how very ill you look!"

"Yes; I had fever and ague in the summer, and do not get strong again. We are going to Paris for change. You do not look well either," added Lucy.

"I have not had fever, but I have had other things to try me," was his reply.

"Oh, Karl! I have been so grieved!" she earnestly said. "I did not know your brother, but I—I seemed to feel all the dreadful trouble as much as you could have felt it. When we are not strong, I think we do feel things."

"You call it by its right name, Lucy—a dreadful trouble. No one but myself can know what it has been to me."

They were gazing at each other yearningly, Lucy with her sweet brown eyes so full of tender compassion, Karl's gray-blue ones with a world of sorrowful regret in their depths.

As she had done in their interview when they were parting, so she now did again, put out her hand to him, with a whisper meant to soothe.

"You will live it down, Karl."

He slightly shook his head, and took her hand to hold between his.

"It is only since this happened that I have become at all reconciled to—to what had to be done at Winchester, Lucy. It would have been so greatly worse, had you been tied to me by—by any engagement."

"Not worse for you, Karl, but better. I should have helped you so much to bear it."

"My darling!"

The moment the words had crossed his lips he remembered what honor and his long-ago-passed word to Colonel Cleeve demanded of him—that he should absolutely abstain from showing any token of affection for Lucy. Nay, to observe it strictly, he ought not to have stayed to talk with her.

"I beg your pardon, Lucy," he said, dropping her hand.

She understood quite well; a faint color mantled in her pale face.

"God bless you, Lucy," he whispered; "farewell."

"Oh, Karl, a moment," she implored, with agitation, hardly knowing, in the pain of parting, what she said—"just to tell you that I have not forgotten—I never shall forget. My regret for what had to be lies on me still."

"God bless you," he repeated, in deep emotion. "God bless and restore you, Lucy!"

Once more their fingers met in a brief hand-shake. And then they parted, he going one way, she the other, and the world had grown dim again.

Later in the day Karl heard it incidentally mentioned by some people in the coffee-room that Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve with their daughter and two servants were going to make a prolonged stay on the Continent for the benefit of the young lady's health, who had been suffering from fever.

Little did they think that the quiet, distinguished-looking man in mourning, who had but come in to ask for some information, and was waiting while the waiter brought it, had more to do with the young lady's failing health than any fever.

Captain Wynne took his breakfast next morning in private, and the waiter brought him a newspaper. While listlessly unfolding it, he took the opportunity to ask a question.

"Have Colonel Cleeve and his family left the hotel?"

"Yes, sir. Just gone off for Folkestone. Boiled ham, sir; eggs; steak with mushrooms," continued the man, removing sundry covers.

"Thank you; you need not wait."

But, ere the man had well closed the door, a startled sound like a groan of agony burst from Karl's lips. He sprung from his seat at a bound, his eyes riveted on the newspaper in one stare of disbelieving horror. The paragraph had a heading in large letters—

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE FROM PORTLAND ISLAND.

DEATH OF THE PRISONER, SIR ADAM WYNNE.

Karl let the newspaper fall, and buried his face in the table-cloth to shut out the light. He had not courage to read more at once. He lay there praying that it might not be true.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SELFISH MAN.—Geologists sometimes find toads sealed up in rocks. They crept in during the formation periods, and deposits closed the orifice through which they entered. There they remain in long darkness and toad stupidity, till some chance blast or stroke sets them free. And there are many rich men sealed up in mountains of gold in the same way. If, in the midst of some convulsion in the community, one of these mountains is overturned, something crawls out into life which is called a man.

GOD'S LILIES.

BY M. B. K.

God's lilies drop about the world,
In sweetness everywhere;
They are the maiden-souls who learn
To comfort and to bear,
And to smile upon the heavy cross
That every one must wear.

O lilies, beautiful and meek!
They know God's will is right,
And so their raise their patient heads
In dark and stormy night,
And far above the eastern hills
They see the dawn of light.

They know that when their day is done,
And deep the shadow lies,
The cross will weary them no more
So lightly they arise
To meet the angels when they call
"Lilies of Paradise!"

"THE SOFTBOY PAPERS."

NUMBER IV.

MRS. FLASHINGTON SOFTBOY TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR:—The blow has fallen!—that is to say that no particular blow has fallen that I know of, but that is the way Gertrude Gushington talks when anything happens, and she is thought to have a beautiful flow of language. At all events, she thinks so.

To return, however, to what I myself, individually, in my own proper person mean to say, why, I'm married, you know. I'm Mrs. Flashington Softboy, Flashy's wife! It's really too ridiculous!

How ridiculous? you will naturally inquire. Why, that absurd creature will hardly let me go out of his sight. Mother says that I ought to strike while the iron is hot—by the iron she means poor Flashington, whom I should as soon think of calling mush as iron!—and make him make his will leaving me everything of which he now stands—or sits—possessed, or may ever possess in the future.

Well, I suppose that in the cause of fashion—so that I may be sure of always being able to keep up this fashionable sort of thing, you know—I ought, you see, to get Flashy to make that will. It would be cruel to come down. I couldn't do it; my feelings would not allow me. Were Flashy to perish—as Gertrude would phrase it—and why he should be looked upon as likely to perish is more than I am able to say, for heaven knows he eats enough steak and game-pie at breakfast for two men instead of one!—you see I could not, in fact I would not come down. I should expect papa to take care of me again, though I really should prefer that Flashy should leave me rich. There seems to be a beauty and a fitness in a man's leaving his widow rich, don't you think so, Mr. Editor? As a man of lofty principle, which I have no doubt you are—at all events I never heard the least breath of anything to the contrary—as a man of lofty principle, sir, I demand wouldn't you do it if it were your case? I'm sure you would! We won't dwell any longer on this, perhaps, slightly disagreeable subject, but pass on to the fact that Flashy—smokes!

He smokes!—he smokes like a chimney! In this, Mr. Editor, I have been deceived! Profiting by the fact that my nature is confiding, Flashington—I always add *ington* to *Flashy* when I am indignant, and that is my present state of mind—Flashington did not, prior to our—as Gertrude would say—*nuptual*, reveal to me this ghastly fact. Sir, I have a husband who loves—tobacco!

Under these circumstances my heart is, naturally, wrung. I don't exaggerate when I say *wrung*. That wretched Alphonse, Flashy's valet, grins like a fiend when he sees me with watery eyes, sneezing, and leaning against the mantelpiece, endeavoring to sustain an interesting conversation in the face of Flashy's meerschaum, an instrument of torture—to me, at least—of which had I previously suspected the existence, I should have signified to its base and unprincipled owner that a rose by any other name than mine would probably smell as sweet and prove, on the whole, altogether as satisfactory, and I should not now bear the—I flatter myself I am mild when I say *ignominious* title of Mrs. Flashington Softboy!

For a man, Mr. Editor, I say it "without hesitation and I say it boldly"—like the lawyer in the play—who will so deceive the wife of his bosom—and I presume that is the proper way to express myself even under these trying circumstances—a man who will trample under foot every one of the finest feelings that flesh is heir to, and pretend that he never smoked, or that he has given up smoking, and then, in one short week or so, basely sit upon his sacred hearthstone—I suppose it is a sacred hearthstone, for I don't know any reason why it should not be—and, with an expression of gratified malice—oh, I mean what I say, Mr. Editor—flourishes his meerschaum under his wife's classic nose—and mine has always been called classic—that man, sir, is one whom it were base flattery to call a *monster*, and only justice to call—too late for breakfast!

I pause. The perspiration is streaming off my brow, which I have been told is as Grecian as my nose, and that I'm sure about; and my powder is running all into little white spots. This won't do. Emotion, to the fashionable, is unbecoming. That is the main reason why we don't do it. In the strictest confidence, Mr. Editor—*suppress this*—we *cannot*, for under the influence of undue feeling our powder, and sometimes our hair dye, will run. Such, sir, is life! This is indeed a vale of sorrow!

That last sentence is precisely in Gertrude's vein. Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that I could do a sentimental novel? Would you puff in your paper?

For here is a situation. Fondly confiding I enter the mansion of the youthful Flashington. Basely and utterly deceived I discover—that he smokes! The hideous truth causes my brain to reel—it actually does reel, there's no exaggeration about that—it reels so that I positively have to go out of the room at times, and, over the ashes of hope and of his meerschaum, my perfidious husband *laughs!*—laughs me to scorn!

I call that a strong situation. Tears naturally run down the sympathising cheek. Now, *should* these things be, and overcome us precisely like a summer cloud without our making a fuss? Would you, were you me, bear this? Would you be trampled upon, defied? Answer me that! As a man, and for aught I know to the contrary, a family man, answer me that! Can this, should this be borne?

And while I am about it, I may as well tell you, that Flashington has several dogs. I will not undertake—as I see that he has already proclaimed the fact of their existence and cognomen, to repeat their ridiculous names. But you may fancy my feelings when I saw them. To behold them was much; to hear them bark, all at once, was more. To know that they lay in wait for one behind doors and on the stairs, here, there and everywhere, is more still. Yop! yop! yop! all the time! Why, I was telling Flora Fastby about that delicious flirtation with young Goboldly—he's a gay deceiver!—and the whole of them yopped all the time, so that I positively had to shout out: "Flora, I assure you that I was obliged to tell him not to squeeze my hand when he was putting on my cloak!" and, just as I uttered those words who should enter—and stand in an attitude not in the least like Ajax defying the lightning, though I think he thought it was—but Flashington, my lawful husband, who demanded, with as much composure as though he, guilty man, did not own a pipe, much less a dog: "What did I understand you to say, madam?"

Madam! I like that! That was a pretty way to talk to me after filling the house with smoke and barking dogs and things, so that poor Flora, when she comes to see me, has to blink her eyes all the time and shout out everything she says; and then for him, the base and unprincipled creator of this literally howling wilderness, to get mad about such a trifle as Goboldly's squeezing my hand just a little! There! that's just like a great horrid man. That's just so *unjust* as they are!

I said:

"Don't speak that way to me, Flashington, or I shall go into a passion or something."

"Perhaps I misunderstood you, madam?" repeated this horrid creature; "but I certainly thought I heard you say to Miss Fastby, that you were obliged to request somebody or other not to squeeze your hand when he put on your cloak. Did my ears deceive me?"

"No, they did not!" replied I, defiantly.

"Tell me the name of the wretch and I will go now—and—and pull his unprincipled nose!" continued Flashington.

"There is not the least necessity for doing that, Flashy," said I soothingly, for I really did not wish to have anything so personally disagreeable and annoying happen to that good soul, Goboldly, who really don't mean anything; it's only his way, a kind of fashionable way he has. "I've told him myself that he must not do it, and he won't do it any more."

"Should he not be warned, let him beware!" exclaimed Flashington, striding from the room, and looking, I thought, considerably relieved that the trouble of *warning* had been taken off his hands.

Flora Fastby laughed a little when my "lord and master" had *exited*, and then she said:

"Lulu, dear, were you not awfully frightened?"

"Why no," said I, "not at all."

"Wasn't it just like a scene in a novel?" said Flora.

"Why no," said I, "it would not do for a scene in a novel, unless my husband should *really* pull his nose."

"And even then," remarked Flora, after musing a moment, "I don't think it would have done, for after all, you know, Lulu, fashionable people don't pull noses, *they shoot!* I shan't use it for the novel I'm writing: it won't do."

Now, just think, Mr. Editor, if I had managed things a little better I might really have been in dear Flora's nice novel—I'm sure it will be nice—and so might Flashington, and every one seems to be trying to be written about now-a-days, so it would have been lovely, wouldn't it?

However, Flashy might not have liked it, so let it go. Of course, it would have been unpleasant to be shot at, and I suppose it is just as well that things are as they are. We cannot have everything in this world! Noble ambition cannot always be gratified.

It's so nice, though, to be a writer. Now that Flora and Gertrude have both taken to doing that sort of thing, it makes me feel so small not to be able to follow them in their flights. Gertrude often says: "I would I were a bird!" No, I don't. I shouldn't like, for instance, to be a goose, or a sparrow. They eat worms. Nor a peacock; they squack so. I might like to be a dove, but then I might be shot for a pigeon. But Gertrude has always been that way; she has always *moulded* that she were a bird.

Somehow, that last line don't sound right to me. Please, Mr. Editor, correct all mistakes I make. I shan't be offended. I don't pretend to be like Flora and Gertrude; oh, dear, no!"

Cynical Sneerby said to me the other day when I remarked that I was beginning to be afraid that I did not know as much as some people:

"My dear Mrs. Softboy, when that sort of thing goes beyond a certain point, it's hopeless."

"Do you mean that I am hopeless, sir?" said I.

"Oh, no," said he, "I should say that you are very hopeful."

Now what do you suppose he really meant by that?

We are, by-the-by, doing our hair here in a new way. You know we had it very high up, and then we had it very low down. The last freak of that fashionable sphere in which I live and move is to flatten it as much as possible on the top of the head and comb it far over the eyes. You see a pair of large eyes looking at you from under a shock of hair, but owing to the way in which it is combed, the person appears to have no forehead and no top to her head, so to speak.

Cynical Sneerby says that we are all ashamed of having any brain at all, as in our circle we have no use for it, and that as we are willing to show ourselves in our true light, we have adopted this *coiffure*, which he calls "the brainless."

Now does it not strike you that Cynical Sneerby, as a man and a brother—I mean as a fashionable man and a fashionable brother—need not be quite so severe in his little remarks?

Native and to the manor born, it seems to me that he might bear with it and not be so savage with regard to us all. Nobody asks *him* to wear his hair that way, and if he did, he would look surprisingly ugly, that's all; while I, of whom Flashy says that I couldn't look ugly if I tried, why, I assure you, that I look too sweet for anything. You ought to see me!

Cynical Sneerby says, too, that he never saw people *train* so as we do now. He got that word while on a visit to Boston. To train, in the language of the modern Athens—I got that sentence out of a newspaper—means to act in a wild, ungoverned manner, from an overflow of animal spirits.

Now what Cynical Sneerby means is that we wear our trains very long. So we do, but if that is *wit*, all I have to say on the subject to Mr. Sneerby is, that I am glad I am not a wit.

I presume that Flashington, Mr. Editor, if he sees my letter in print, will be writing to you and complaining of me. Well, I don't care if he does; if you will just let everybody know, through the medium of your paper, about that meerschaum and those dogs. What's the use of my being a martyr, if nobody is to know it? And you know just as well as I do, Mr. Editor, that *all* women are martyrs and angels. We are not anything at all like you horrid men, who really think you are somebody. Somebody, indeed! Men, that smoke and have dogs! Well, I declare! Before I'd smoke a nasty pipe and pat a hateful dog, I'd die, so I would!

I *have* thought of poking the meerschaum down the dogs' throats, but it seems cruel, and they might not like it. I don't think they would; and after all, though Flashy does smoke and keep dogs, he is not a fiend, and Mrs. Goldly, the lady in the next house, says *her* husband *is* a fiend. Dear me, how horrid!

LULU SOFTBOY.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

BY ALICE A. LELAM.

"Mabel, here is a letter from your Aunt Margaret; she has sent an invitation for you to spend the Christmas holidays with her," said Mrs. Riker, entering the nursery where Mabel was amusing her little brothers and sisters by cutting out a whole family of small people from a sheet of white paper.

Paper and scissors went to the floor as Mrs. Riker made the above remark, and Mabel sprang up, exclaiming:

"Oh, I'm so glad; and shall I go, mamma, dear?"

"Why, yes, of course you will go," said her mother. "I've no doubt you'll have a very pleasant visit, but you must go to work immediately, for it's only two weeks until Christmas, and you must have some sort of an evening dress, as they are going to have a party on New Year's night."

"How pleasant! Isn't Aunt Maggie a jewel! I can surely get ready in two weeks, mamma;" and Mabel danced out of the room, singing softly:

"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not here."

"Won't it be splendid!" thought Mabel, and in her dreams that night came mingled visions of a dozen or more new hats that couldn't by any possibility be made to fit her head, and quantities of new dresses that were always either too long or too short. Then an interminable railway train rushing past with Uncle and Aunt Hathaway, and all the cousins calmly contemplating the surrounding scenery from an elevated position on the engine.

It seemed as if old Father Time had donned an extra pair of wings for the express purpose of getting through those two weeks before the holidays as quickly as possible; but Mabel's nimble fingers flew as quickly as the pinions of the inexorable old tyrant, and three nights before Christmas, she went to sleep with the well-packed "Saratoga" trunk, in its canvas drapery, looming up in one corner of the room like some reformed old goblin on trial as guardian spirit.

Wherever the morning sun sent its warm rays into the broad streets or the narrow lanes and alleys of Summerville, the light snow-fall of the previous night was transformed into mimic lakes and rivers, while even the cold-hearted icicles that clung to the roofs and fences, yielding to the softening influence of the sunbeams, melted in tears that splashed upon the pavement. Little was the "iron horse" aware, as he rushed, puffing and blowing into the city, and stopped with a great snort and clatter before the depot, of the precious freight that he carried behind him in the shape of the little lady who alighted from the last car in the long train. Very pretty and ladylike she looked, in the simple brown travelling-suit and little brown velvet hat, with its drooping plume and gossamer veil, through which a pair of violet eyes looked out, scanning closely the array of carriages of every size and style drawn up at the end of the platform. Observing no familiar face in any one of them, and shaking her head to the importunities of the hackmen, Mabel was about to enter the ladies' waiting-room, when a plain but handsome equipage drove around the corner, and she recognized her Cousin Bertha through the carriage window.

"How do you do, Mabel!" cried Bertha. "I'm so glad to see you! Come and get right in the carriage; John will take care of your trunk. I was so afraid you wouldn't come," said she, as they drove homeward, "and I wanted you to come to-day; it's Christmas Eve, you know, and we are going to have a little company in the evening."

"I thought you were going to have the party on New Year's night," said Mabel.

"Yes, we are," replied Bertha; "this is not a party—only a few friends. And oh, Mabel, you'll see Mr. Osbrooke! he's splendid! You'll like him so much! Philip and he are great friends; (Philip was Bertha's intended) so you know he must be nice, if Philip likes him," said Bertha, with great simplicity and candor.

"Yes, of course," assented Mabel, smiling at Bertha's gravity; "but may I ask who is this hero, *sans peur et sans reproche?*"

"He is a young lawyer," replied Bertha; "Philip says he is very talented, and is making himself famous in the case of 'Jollops and Lirriper.'"

"I don't like lawyers; I don't believe I shall like him," said Mabel, with severely scornful emphasis.

"*Ha, bien, nous verrons!*" retorted Bertha, gaily, as they ran up the steps and entered the house.

Christmas Eve fell clear and cold. A frolicsome wind whirled around street corners, whisked off hats and caps and tugged at cloaks and shawls in a way that might have been fun to itself, but was quite the contrary to the faces and fingers that ventured an encounter with the boisterous reveller.

Winter reigned out of doors, but within the handsome residence on the corner of Blank street light and warmth held supreme dominion. Before the grate, full of blazing coals, stood a group of "youths and maidens gay:" Bertha and her sister Elsie, "brother Fred," a prepossessing young gentleman, who occupied his leisure moments in caressing an incipient moustache, and was given to quoting Shakspeare; Richard, the youngest, who would rather play "a jolly game of ball than read Shakspeare or any other old fogy," as he irreverently expressed it, and last, but not least, was Mabel, in a soft wine-colored merino and a spray of geranium leaves in the golden-brown hair.

"Here it is only eight o'clock," said Richard, as the little French time-piece in the room beyond rang out a silvery peal. "There won't be anybody here for half an hour yet; what shall we do to pass away the time? Ah! I have it! Let's play a game of blindman's buff."

"Oh, Dick, how can you suggest such a thing!" remonstrated Bertha, "when we are all dressed up, too."

"It would be fun," said Elsie; "but then we should get so rumpled, and besides——"

"No, indeed, you won't," interrupted Dick. "We'll move about just as gently and softly as mice, and you must stand perfectly still when you're caught."

"Well, then," said Bertha, relenting on finding herself in the minority, "we'll play if you and Fred will exercise a little caution and not knock things over as you generally do," and she proceeded to remove a slender vase of heliotrope and geraniums from the little marble-topped stand to the mantel as a timely precaution.

"Who's got an extra handkerchief?" asked Dick.

"Here's one," said Mabel.

"Why, we should spoil that little lace thing, Cousin Mabel," said Fred.

"But not this," returned Mabel, drawing a plain cambric handkerchief from her pocket.

"Yes, that will do," said Dick. "Now who'll be blindman? Here, Fred, you're the one—you make a jolly blindman. Just stand still, old fellow, till I tie this tight, and don't you look!"

"*I* look!" exclaimed Fred, with virtuous indignation. "I never look—when my eyes are shut." And as Dick stepped softly aside, Fred stretched out his arms, exclaiming, "Come, let me clutch thee!" and caught at a passing robe; but it slipped from his grasp.

"I have thee not, and yet I see thee still," he muttered, moving warily forward, and this time laid hold of the end of a sash-ribbon. "Whoever may be attached to this just remain tranquil for a limited space of time;" then placing his hand with suspicious certainty upon the cluster of curls that adorned Bertha's "back head," he growled in tragic tones, "Art thou but a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?"

But Bertha, stifling a laugh, easily slid away from his unrestraining touch, and Elsie remonstrated from a safe distance. "Now, Fred, that isn't fair; you can see, I know you can."

Disdaining to reply to this insinuation, Fred, at last, after much manœuvering, penned up the real object of his search in a corner.

"I know it's you, Cousin Mabel, so you need not try to get away. You have violet perfume on your handkerchief—it's the same as this over my face," said Fred; and drawing the bandage off, Mabel stood confessed.

"Oh, dear, I never shall catch anyone," said she, despairingly.

"Yes, you will," asserted Bertha, as she hid the blue eyes. "You needn't be afraid, we'll tell you when you're in danger of tumbling over anything."

Mabel ventured a step forward, and Dick, in the endeavor to escape capture, stumbled over a foot-stool. In the slight confusion that ensued the door-bell rang, but no one noticed the faint muffled sound.

"Take care, the music-stand, Mabel," cried Dick, having gained a distant corner.

Mabel retreated a few steps, and stood irresolute a moment. There was a faint rustle behind her, the sound of a footfall, a low whisper, and then silence. Turning quickly, and extending her hand, she touched a gentleman's coat-sleeve, which she instantly grasped with the determination not to release it until the bandage over her own eyes could be transferred to those above the coat-sleeve.

"It is Cousin Fred," said Mabel, quietly; then turning her head as though she could see through the cambric folds, "Won't somebody tell me I'm right?" she implored.

No one spoke, but, apparently from a long distance, came a smothered sound of choking, as if some one were in the agonies of strangulation.

"Well, you may keep as still as you like, Fred; but I know it's you," said Mabel. "It's too tall for Richard; and anyway I can prove it is you by your moustache—if I can find it," she added, mischievously, and put up one little hand in a somewhat timid and hesitating manner.

But instead of the smooth cheek and infantine moustache of Cousin Fred, the rosy finger-tips came in sudden contact with a pair of flowing whiskers! Snatching away her hand rather more hastily than it was put forth, Mabel started back, tore the covering from her eyes, and beheld—not Cousin Fred, nor yet Richard, but a tall, strange gentleman, who stood regarding her with a pair of brilliant brown eyes, while a roguish smile vainly essayed to hide itself under his moustache.

"Mabel, this is Mr. Osbrooke; Mr. Osbrooke, my cousin, Miss Riker," said Bertha, with difficulty maintaining her gravity.

The gentleman bowed very politely, and then picked up the handkerchief that Mabel had dropped.

But so utterly astonished and bewildered was Mabel at this unlooked-for termination to her Tartarian adventures, and so confused with the thought of her temerity, that she only half acknowledged his bow, and, blushing violently, stammered forth:

"I—I—thought it was Fred! Bertha, how could you!" turning a reproachful, half-indignant glance towards her cousin.

"Please, Mabel, don't be angry," deprecated Bertha.

"No, Cousin Mabel, it wasn't our fault," added Fred, his voice quivering with suppressed laughter; "we would have told you, but Mr. Osbrooke held up his hand for us to keep still."

"There, Miss Riker, you are all the blame, if there is any rests on my shoulders," said Mr. Osbrooke; "but if you will forgive our innocent little deception we will excuse you this time, for not guessing the right one, as, of course, couldn't be expected under the circumstances."

Mabel would fain have run away upstairs to hide her confusion, but already half a dozen ladies and gentlemen were entering the room, and there was no alternative but to remain where she was and brave it out; so making a dignified, and slightly frigid bow to Mr. Osbrooke, she turned, and was led away by Bertha for an introduction to the new arrivals.

The above named gentleman, however, was not so easily disposed of, and Mabel had hardly seated herself at the other end of the room beside a lady to whom she had just been presented when Mr. Osbrooke appeared and took a seat beside them. With consummate tact and good breeding, entirely ignoring the little episode of "blindman's buff," he talked so pleasantly and entertainingly that Mabel quite forgot her embarrassment, and entered into conversation with her usual quiet ease and gentle gaiety.

The days of Christmas week sped only too rapidly away, as happy days usually do, and "that cousin of the Hathaways, Miss Riker," was fast becoming a general favorite. But no matter how many, or who, were the admirers that surrounded Mabel, sooner or later Paul Osbrooke found his way to her side, and with an audacity and coolness peculiar to himself, contrived to monopolize her attention to the exclusion of everyone else.

Resplendent as a dream of fairyland shone the drawing-room at Mr. Hathaway's on New Year's night. Rare and beautiful flowers loaded the air with fragrance, while from a festooned alcove floated strains of dreamy, waltz, sparkling polka, or fantastic galop.

Among all the throng of "fair women and brave men" that moved so quietly amid this scene of beauty, was no fairer or lovelier figure than that of Mabel Riker, in the delicate blue silk that showed silver gleams in the gas-light, the cloud of filmy lace over the white arms and shoulders, and the cluster of white rose buds in the braided tresses.

Paul Osbrooke, as he entered the room, gave a quick, searching glance around, and instantly spying out this dainty vision, stayed not until he reached the charmed circle of which it was the centre. Nor did he leave her side for the remainder of the evening, except when Mabel was dancing with some one else, and once when he went for her fan, which she had left in the library. Returning with it, he found his seat appropriated by a youth with flaxen locks, large light eyes, no perceptible chin, and who sported an eye-glass in his delicately gloved hand.

The withering look which Mr. Osbrooke bestowed upon this daring usurper, would have annihilated any more susceptible specimen of the genus homo; but Mr. Alphonse Fitzgerald merely raised his eye-glass, and having coolly surveyed the six feet of suppressed indignation before him turned to Mabel and finished the remark he was making when Mr. Osbrooke appeared. Fortunately for the equanimity of the latter gentleman, at this moment the strains of a waltz floated out of the alcove, and Mr. Fitzgerald glancing at his card, excused himself with a very low bow to Mabel and a condescending nod to Mr. Osbrooke. Whereupon Mr. O. offered his arm to Mabel for a promenade, and having reached the library door, enticed her in on the pretence of looking at the stand of flowers in the bay-window. As he drew up a chair for her better accommodation, Fred made his appearance with a glass of lemonade for his cousin. Mr. Osbrooke, quietly putting his hand before hers, took the glass from Fred and presented it himself to Mabel; whereupon Fred made so ludicrous a grimace as he departed that Mabel nearly choked herself with the lemonade in the attempt to conceal a laugh and appear unconscious, and then she blushed, finding that Mr. Osbrooke had joined in her laugh and understood it.

"I suppose you have not played 'blindman's bluff' since the evening I joined in the game—to your infinite disgust, have you, Miss Riker?"

Mabel looked at him with grave surprise. "What makes you suppose such a thing?" she queried, ignoring the latter part of his remark.

"Why, I don't see how you could very well, as I had the handkerchief," and he drew a square of rumpled cambric from his pocket, conspicuously displaying one corner, in which was an embroidered wreath with the initials "M. R." in the centre.

"My handkerchief!" exclaimed Mabel, involuntarily. "I thought it was lost."

"You would like to have it again?" remarked Mr. Osbrooke, inquiringly.

"Why, yes, I should," said Mabel, "as it belongs to a set I have."

"But I shall not return it unless you give me something in exchange," said Mr. Osbrooke.

"Why, you do not want it," interrupted Mabel; "and I haven't anything to give you, unless you'll have some of this lemonade; I might, perhaps, share a little," she added, holding the glass up to the light, examining its contents critically, and speaking with assumed gaiety and carelessness; while at the same time the sudden change in his voice made her heart beat, so that she thought he must hear it; a mist came before her sight, and she toyed with the glass only to avoid the earnest eyes that she felt were reading her face.

"There is something," said Mr. Osbrooke, in a low, grave voice—"something very precious that you can give me, if you will—Mabel."

The last word was not spoken so low but that Mabel heard it, and started at the tone, and looked up. Their eyes met. In his she read a question; in her's he found his answer.

"What *was* the question and what the answer?"

Ah, that I leave you to guess.

LOVE'S ELECTRICITY.—We all know that it is quite possible to have angry altercations through the telegraph, and that the clerks often quarrel with each other by wire. We are now told that the art of peace as well as that of war is studied by the telegraphist in his spare moments, and the gentler passions often find vent through the wire. It has been stated that long courtships have been maintained between persons hundreds of miles apart, who never saw each other, and there is now a telegraphic sign for "love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss." One of the latest inventions in telegraphy, known as the "duplex" system, is a great peace-maker, for it enables the operator at either end to charge at each other as much as they please without disturbing the continuity of transmission, thus removing all inducement to "fight." A kiss by telegraph, one would think, would be an admirable specimen of "love's electricity," and would be thrilling in the extreme.

A WINTER SOLSTICE.

BY RCHARQUE.

It snows. Afar against the steel blue sky
The ice bound snow-enamoured hilltops lie
In all their grim sterility. And here
A forest lifts its frosted sprays, severe
Yet perfect in their leafless tracery.
This once bright stream, oh, heartless prophesy!
No more reflects the verdure of a long
Lost spring. No more the echo of its song
Rever'brates 'long my heart's unsaddened strings,
Reviving life and hope. Alas! it brings
To recollection naught but pictures lost
To earth and all but me. The nipping frost
Despite the keenness of its touch is kind,
For Nature's golden robe is scarce resigned,
Than she is decked with festoons pure and white
As plucklings from the wings of gods. But night
Is still more kind; for with its sombre shade
It hides the desolation death has made.

Yet, why exhume the buried past? Hide thy
Sad thoughts from sight, as gently from the sky
The snow descends and covers all the earth.
The year is dead, but dying it gave birth
Unto the new. Thus life and death is told,
The coral lives and dies, and on its cold
And fossil-like remains another thrives,
And adds a chapter to the grim archives,
Which well record their myriad lives. E'en so
These years. Rejoice that life's elastic bow
Is not unstrung, and that despite thy fears
A leaf is added to thy wreath of years.

A LEAP YEAR PARTY.

It was leap year, the —— day of June, 1868, and Tom Rathbun sat in his office, deep in the complexities of a difficult case, for Tom was a thriving young lawyer, who held a monopoly of nearly all the important law business in the town of W——

A handsome fellow was Tom, and a clever one, and enough of a catch to keep in a continual palpitation the hearts of some twenty or thirty susceptible young ladies, and the heads of their manœuvering mammas—to say nothing of brothers who liked influence, and male parents with an eye to the main chance—and Tom bore his honors meekly, did his duty by all, and would have acted Lothario to perfection; were it not that, however he attempted to conceal it, everyone was pretty sure that his heart had been given away some two or three years previous, and one knew it, and that was lovely Mary Field, who held the gift free.

Ah; but poor Mary! it was doubtful if, after all, the gift was worth the having, for it was of that troublesome nature that from the moment it came into her possession, her peace of mind went away, until, at the time of which we speak, her patience was nearly gone, too.

A long engagement is a weary thing, particularly a long engagement kept secret, and more particularly still, when no earthly reason exists why that engagement should not find a speedy end in matrimony.

But Tom "hadn't quite settled yet," and he "wanted to be better able to keep Mary as a lovely lady, as she was," and so went on, *ad infinitum*. In fact, though Tom was awfully in love, he liked dallying, and had an instinctive horror of housekeeping and babies. And so matters went on, and poor Mary was talked about and wondered at, and kept denying soft impeachments, until the accumulated Pelion of fibs she had piled upon the Ossa of her conscience, bid fair to o'ertop the shyish head of blue Olympus, and that before long, too.

So affairs stood on the day on which we write, when Tom sat in his office, studying out his difficult case, and Mary sat home, perhaps—who knows—trying to study out Tom.

But other business, equally urgent, was being carried on, if we might judge from the excited and determined countenance of a certain triumvirate, which was holding a solemn and important conclave in the little back parlor of Miss Minerva Williams—a dear, good, though somewhat vehement soul of forty summers. Miss Betsy Parkins, her contemporary in years, held the chair, and Mrs. Mercy Moulson—Widow Moulson, as she was called—completed the trio.

The proceedings were carried on with much mystery and considerable emphatic talking, and after some two hours' debate, terminated by sundry tea-cups full of warm consolation, the meeting adjourned and the parties separated, mischief sparkling in the brilliant eyes of the fair widow, tranquil complacency holding her throne in Miss Betsy's face, and high, stern resolve distinguishing the uncompromising features of the warlike Minerva.

Not a very long time had passed when there came a knock at Tom's door, and the prompt answer was:

"Come in!"

In walked Mrs. Mercy Moulson.

Our hero's politeness was excessive, and amid much bowing, speechifying, and so forth, the fair visitant was comfortably installed in a chair, and Tom waited, all attention, for the disclosure of her business.

"You are, perhaps, surprised at seeing me, Mr. Rathbun?"

"Oh, dear no," replied the gallant Tom. "Lawyers are never surprised—only happy," etc., etc.

"Hem," said the widow, "I really—"

"Reassure yourself, my dear madam; take time," said Tom, considerately, perfectly sure that the lady had called to entrust him with law business of a delicate and lucrative nature. "If you say so I will continue for awhile——"

"Oh, no, it is best to have it over. A—a excuse me; but—this is very embarrassing."

"Oh, no," said Tom, soothingly, "not at all. I'm the recipient of so many confidences, you need not mind it at all. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. I have come—or rather, no—and yet—oh, how dreadful it is to be a lonely, unprotected woman."

"Ah, it is indeed." (A condolatory sigh from Tom.)

"For one who has been—been otherwise," and the widow buried her face in a cambric handkerchief, "the daily sadness of a life of—of—I may say retrospect—musing in a solicitude over—over—Mr. Rathbun, never having been a widow yourself, you don't know what a doleful creature a widow is."

"Ah, I know," said Tom, quite prepared in the exuberance of his sympathy to declare himself a widow, or anything else that might be satisfactory. "If I can save you"—here he pressed her hand—"command me."

"You remember my deceased husband?" inquired the lady, tremulously.

"I do, madam."

"Now we're coming to it—some question of a will," said Tom to himself.

"Was I a good wife to him?"

"Ah, madame, he best knew how good."

"And could another love me, do you think?"

"Think?" was the exaggerated answer of the rash Thomas. "I do not think, but I know it."

"Oh, happiness, dear Tom!" and the widow encircled his neck with her arms and laid her blushing face on his shoulder. "Then could you—would you—marry me? It's leap year you know."

"Bless my soul! Mrs. Moulson, madame, you're mad," exclaimed Tom, staggering beneath the weight of his stout, helpless burden.

"Oh, no!" she said, leaning still more heavily; "only happy, Tom."

"But—this is too much. Sit down there, will you?" and he bundled the tender creature unceremoniously into the chair. "I say you are mad."

"I say I am not," said the lady, positively. "You see, Tom——"

"Don't call me Tom—I won't stand it."

"Dear me! it's you that are mad, I know. Come now, be reasonable. You can't refuse me, and you know it's leap year."

"The deuce I can't!" said Tom, defiantly. "I say, you had better get out of this, for it's carrying a joke a little too far."

"It's no joke at all," said the widow, beginning to sob. "You unkind, cruel man! Oh! oh!"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, do stop! Do you want to have all the neighbors in here? Do come to reason," said Tom, imploringly.

"I lo-o-ove you!" said the lady.

"Oh, goodness!" said Tom.

"You treat me with rudeness and contempt, do you, sir? With rudeness and contempt! Oh, very well," and the lady made summary movement to the door. "Very well."

"What shall I do, Mrs. Moulson? Do stop one moment. Oh, mercy on me! Don't you know, ma'am, that I am already engaged?"

"Ha," ejaculated his fair persecutor.

"Why, yes," said Tom, catching at a spar of hope. "To Mary Field."

"Oh, bah! You'll never marry her, after dallying with her so many years. I'll have you yet!" and a wicked gleam shone in her black eyes.

"But the day is all fixed, and it's—it's next month; and you see——"

"Why couldn't you tell me that at once? Fixed—is it? You declare to that?"

"Well—yes—"

"Then see that you stand to it!" and she bounced off. "Next month, remember! oh, won't I tell about you, though!" and down the street went Mrs. Mercy, shaking behind her veil with laughter, to betake herself to Miss Betsy and Miss Minerva, and impart to them the grand success of the opening scene in their little stratagem.

There was a moderate intermission, during which our hero tried to compose his shattered nerves, and then a single drop was given by the knocker.

Tom, still discomposed, and with a vague presentment that the day was not yet over for him, went himself to the door, and beheld Miss Betsy Parkins, dressed up in her very best, and smiling with her blandest expression.

She edged herself in, for Tom seemed inclined to shut the door unceremoniously in her face; and, taking a seat, said in her brightest little manner, said:

"You have a cheery place here, Mr. Tom."

Half beguiled by her harmless appearance, Tom answered that he had.

"And pretty tidy, considering."

"But I'm thinking now, Mr. Tom, how much more tidy and cheerful it might be. You've never thought of marrying yet—eh, now?"

"Oh, yes. In fact—"

"I thought so. Now then, Mr. Tom, you see I'm a lone kind of a body," and she screwed up one eye and beamed benevolently upon him with the other, "and always had a fancy for young folks. And some one, a sort of motherly—how would it do for you and I to set up together? Come now, you had better consider it. Any way you wouldn't like to refuse me, as it is leap year."

"Eh!" said Tom, rather stupefied.

"Why, it being leap year, a man isn't permitted in law to refuse a woman who comes trustfully and confidentially offering herself."

And she giggled with mingled modesty and glee.

"I declare I don't know what you all mean. It's a plot, a vile, wicked plot! Now, listen!" and he thundered, in voice loud enough to awaken an Egyptian mummy, "I am engaged!—engaged!" he roared again, shaking her by the arm. "Go and tell it to everybody; and I mean to be married next week, too. Now take yourself off from here!"

And he hoisted her from the door.

"Well, I declare! you needn't be so mighty violent; I haven't insulted you, Mr. Tom, anyway. Oh, dear! so the widow's done the business for you, has she?"

"Don't talk to me of your infernal widow!" said Tom, almost beside himself, "I'm going to marry Mary Field. Now, do you understand! Go and tell it, tell every one, the day is fixed—next week. Go!"

And he waved his hand majestically in the direction of the door.

"Well, you might at least have told me politely. I'm glad for one, that I ain't the happy woman. You may tell Mary that I wish her joy of her—jackanapes. Fare you well, and better manners to you next time."

And she departed with a queer little smile and courtesy.

"Now then," said Tom, "there's not a minute to lose, for those gossiping old she dragons will have the story over the whole town in less than no time. Marry any of them! Ugh! If Mary cares one atom for me she'll name the day at once."

And he began buttoning his coat and setting himself in order, to enforce his eloquence with all the personal attraction he could assume.

"Thomas Rathbun!" said a voice at the open window.

He turned and confronted Miss Minerva Williams, and then was rehearsed pretty much the same scene as on the former occasions, except those were mild in comparison to this. In vain he protested that he was going to marry Mary Field next month, next week, next day.

Miss Minerva only smiled grimly, and refused to believe.

"Talk away," she said. "Bachelors were not going to be let run around loose any more, destroying the peace of mind of artless and confiding females with their humbugging talk. Come!"

She wasn't going to trifle, nor she had not come there to talk, but act. He was going right off to the church to marry her within the hour, if she had to carry him in her arms, so he might as well go quietly.

And truly, with her powerful frame and calm determination of purpose, she might easily have carried him anywhere, and whether he would or not, or a heavier man than Tom.

There was one chance left. Tom took to his heels with the agility of a flying Mercury, pursued by the gaunt Minerva.

Mary, who happened to be at the window, saw him coming, and, not knowing what terrible news impelled him to such haste, ran to open the door.

His first greeting was startling, but not horrible.

"Quick, Mary! Name our wedding-day, and save me from the ogre!"

Miss Minerva, with laughter and exertion well nigh spent, gave up the chase; and Tom, at the feet of Mary, had expressed his penitence, obtained absolution for his long trial of her patience, and had extorted from her lips the promise that was to fulfil all declarations to his rapacious persecutors.

Need we say that on that very day of the month Tom became a proud and happy husband. And Miss Minerva Williams, Miss Betsy Parkins and Mercy Moulton, amid the shouts of the assembled company and the good-natured merriment of the bride and groom, related a full account of the whole circumstances, and received the congratulations of the assembled guests upon the complete success of their remarkable Leap Year Plot.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE." ETC.

Just one week ago to-day, after a two-years' absence from the Star-spangled, during which I had been idling through Europe, I dropped into the studio of my old friend Fred Jolie. Fred is an artist in the illuminating way—dashes off graceful adornments and quaint letterings at a moment's notice. Fact is, Fred couldn't do anything that required time and thought; his inspirations come suddenly, and go quickly. He was at work when I entered, and so much engrossed that he did not hear me; so I took the liberty, born of old companionship, and glanced over his shoulder. An exquisite photograph of a young and very pretty girl lay upon the desk, and Fred was rapidly sketching one of his fanciful borders—in which Cupid, in various disguises, and not disguised at all, floating lace veils, and orange buds and blossoms formed no inconsiderable share—around it.

"Hallo! Fred," said I.

"Hallo! yourself," retorted he. "Wait an instant, till I twine these honeysuckles round this bow and arrow, and I'll look to see who you are."

I waited until the weapon of the boy god was properly festooned, and then Fred, springing from his chair with an exclamation of surprise, seized my hand and shook it until my very shoulder ached.

"The Lord love you, my dear boy!" he burst out, in his old impulsive way; "when did you come back? How well you look!—bearded like a pard. And what do you think of that?" pointing to the picture.

I examined it. A tall, slender blonde, with fluffy, fair hair, large, well-opened eyes—blue, I suppose—slightly aquiline nose, pouting lips, arch expression. "Altogether charming," was my verdict.

"You're right!" shouted Fred. "By heaven, she's glorious, great and victorious! I met her, night before last—Sunday; fell in love with her on the spot. She sent me this picture to-day—Tuesday. I shall propose to her to-morrow—Wednesday—and hope to marry her before the week is out."

"Isn't that rather a rash scheme?" I asked. "'Look before you leap;' 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure;' 'Think twice——'"

"To the deuce with your musty proverbs!" cried Fred. "Is that all you've brought with you from the Old World?

'Gather the roses while you may.'

—I say with old Herrick—

'Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.'

I've made up my mind to marry, and I hate long courtships—always did hate 'em. Had two sisters married in that way. Unfortunate fellows, I—ow I used to pity 'em!—the lovers, I mean, not the sisters; cheeked by the younger members of the family, and chaffed and kissed by the others; dinners on Sundays, with prospective father-in-law smiling over the pudding. No, no; not any for me. I meet a woman, and in an hour I know her as well as I would in years' acquaintance—perhaps better. Why, then, should I hesitate to make love to and marry her immediately? Evadne—sweetest of names!—is my fate, I felt it the moment her eyes—violets, blue violets!—met mine, and, as I said before, I propose to-morrow. So take your old pipe—it's on the top of the desk there, neatly enveloped in cobwebs—and tell me how you left the boys in France, Germany and Rome."

On Thursday evening, hurrying home to dinner—for I was uncommonly hungry—whom should I run against, or, more properly speaking, who should run against me, but the irrepressible Fred! I scanned him a moment. Blue necktie, gray kids, no cigar, and a bouquet.

"Well?" was the result of my inspection.

"I've done it!" replied he, grasping me by the arm, and hurrying me along in spite of myself, in a contrary direction to that which led to my chops and tomato-sauce. "I've done it, and I'm the happiest fellow in the world. You must be introduced to her. I'm only going to stop a moment to give her these flowers; then after dinner, which I'll take with you if you'll ask me, we'll go to see the lovely Neilson in Juliet. 'Oh, would I were a glove upon that ——' By Jove, I'm the happiest——"

"But, you idiot," I interrupted, at the same time trying to pull away from him. "*I* have no blue tie, no kid gloves, no bouquet."

"Not the slightest matter," replied Fred coolly; "she won't notice you at all; she'll only have eyes for me. And you must see her. Stop wriggling about. There's no getting away from it; here we are at the door."

And in another moment we were ushered into a parlor, where a lady was seated on a music-stool before the piano. She slowly revolved as we approached her, and good heavens, it was not Evadne. This lady was a large, finely-formed brunette, with bright, almost bold, dark eyes; braide of the blackest hair; saucy, *retroussé* nose, and generous mouth.

"My dear Rosalie," said Fred, rushing towards her with outstretched hands, as she rose from her seat, dropping the bouquet as he did so, which I picked up and had the honor of presenting, after all, "this is my dear old chum, Will Wilfer. My children, know each other," and he stood aside, while we acknowledged this slightly informal introduction. After allowing us to exchange half a dozen words and begging his lady-love to be ready when he returned, "for I hate to wait, you know," Fred started off again, dragging me with him; and as soon as we cleared the doorsteps, he shouted, "There, what do you think of her? Isn't she a stunner! Such eyes! such hair! 'She walks in beauty like the night;' and such a name! Rosalie, Rosalie; poetry, poetry!"

"But Fred," said I, "it isn't the other one. She was as fair as the morning, and her name was Evadne."

"Bless my soul," roared Fred; "have I not told you? I went to call on her—the fair-as-the-morning one—I did, upon my word, intending to propose. Rosalie, her cousin, you know—no, you don't know; yes, you do now—was in. I had not seen her for years, but we recognized each other in a moment. I found in her a baby sweetheart; we went to the same infant school together. To tell the truth, she saw me punished once, in the most ignoble manner, across the schoolmarm's knee, you know, for spelling cat d-o-g. Well, at sight of her, the slumbering infant spark kindled into a grown-up flame, beside which my passion for Evadne 'paled its ineffectual fire.' I asked her to be mine. She laughed; promised to give me an answer to-night. I'm sure it will be 'yes,' and I'm the hap—— I say, old chap, I hope you've got plenty to eat, for I've the combined appetites of at least five-and-forty of the very primest wild-cats."

Saturday brought me an invitation to Fred's wedding, written in his most scrawly style on the back of a tailor's bill, and pleasingly illustrated with a design representing Fred himself, with his hands tied behind his back, standing beneath a halter.

"Here goes!" ran the note. "To-morrow night, nine o'clock, at Gray church. Only a few friends to be present. The dear girl wishes it to be as quiet as possible, being the shyest, most shrinking, as well as the prettiest little creature in the world."

"Well," said I to myself, "love is not only blind, but stone-blind. 'Rosalie' struck me as being anything but 'shy;' and the idea of calling her 'little,' when she must weigh one hundred and sixty at the very least, is absurdity itself, and could never have emanated from any brain but Fred's."

Sunday evening found me at the door of Gray church a little late, and, as I walked softly up the aisle to my destined seat, the wedding party ranged themselves before the altar.

"Rosalie must indeed be a most shrinking creature," I ejaculated, as my eyes fell upon the figure of the bride, "if she has shrunk to that size since the evening Fred dragged me into her presence," for the bridal veil fell gracefully around a petite form, and the wreath of orange blossoms just touched the shoulder of the groom.

The ceremony was over. The organ pealed forth the "Wedding March." Fred, with his head erect, and his bride on his arm, turned toward the church door.

She was neither blonde nor brunette. Soft gray eyes, half hidden by long, dark lashes, chestnut hair, worn in short, child-like curls, a small, straight nose, a tiny, rosebud mouth, and a sweet, shy smile.

Fred caught my astonished look as he passed, and at that moment a dozen or two girl friends stopped the bride to almost smother her in kisses.

"It's all right, old fellow," he said, hurriedly. "Rosalie loved another, and Effie—isn't she a darling?—met her at Newport last summer, and—good-by. I'll explain some other time."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

GEN. WASHINGTON'S COACH.

THE GREAT REPUBLICAN AS A GALLANT.

On this spot, where the hungry riders of Pleasanton and Stuart looked around in vain for "grub" and forage, where the last of the F. F. V.'s had stood and bewailed his desolate fields and fallen fortunes, the Mount Vernon coach, driving four, with liveried coachman and footman, and with the ancient arms of De Hertburn emblazoned on the panel, had drawn up amidst a crowd of powdered beaux, who always came to church early, and were ever ready to vie with each other for the honor of handing Mrs. Washington from her coach. This carriage, which Barrington or some other distinguished Irishman would have called "a specimen of Gothic architecture on wheels," was built to order in London, and for a long period served as a model after which those old Colonial swells had their equipages made. The running gear and lower section of the body were cream color, with gilt mouldings; the "top hamper" mahogany, with green Venetian blinds, and the interior finished in black leather; two great "head-lights" on the box served at night to let the curious traveler know that "a person of quality" was on the road, and aided West Ford to keep his bearings on the dangerous highways not yet smoothed by the magic hand of McAdam. Our great prototype republican also had his coat-of-arms on the door panel, fully emblazoned and "tricked." As the crest is emblazoned on a ducal coronet, we may perhaps accept the story that these are the armorial bearings of William De Hertburn, a Norman baron, who was lord of the manor of Washington in the 18th century. On the four side panels were pictures representing the seasons. This coach came into the possession of Bishop Meade, of Virginia, who, with one eye to business and the other to charity, had it cut up and sold in pieces at a church fair.

The dress in which Colonel Washington generally appeared at church was a laced hat, stone-colored coat with gilt buttons, blue surtout, buff knee-breeches, boots and gilt spurs. Being held the best horseman and boldest fox-hunter in Virginia, it was natural that he followed the fashion prevalent among the young gallants and came to church on horseback. He used a Pelham bit, and generally rode with holsters at his saddle-peak. The portrait by Peale, which is considered by his relatives the most correct one, represents him at the age of forty in the uniform of Colonel of the Twenty-second Virginia Militia. There is no trace of resemblance to the grandmotherly portrait by Stuart, even allowing for the difference of age. The former agrees in personal appearance with the character given him by neighborhood tradition—a bold, dashing gallant, even after his marriage; rather foppish in dress, and safe, according as occasion offered, to win a lady's smile or the fox's brush.—*Scribner for March.*

REFLECTIONS.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

Leap year, girls! Your turn to woo!
For some years past, preachers have preached, husbands and fathers have prayed, and sons and grandsons have dreamed day dreams of the girl in a wild state, domestic, unextravagant. They have dreamed, but have failed utterly to make the girl of the dream the wife of the heart.

Now is your time to act. See to it that you dream not, but act.

He whom you adore may indeed be able to tell you how you should make bread; how his grandmother makes cakes, and how his mother fries fritters; but these accomplishments alone, valuable as they may seem to him, will avail little in real, practical life—will hardly of themselves serve to render home happy.

What you desire is not merely an accomplished man, nor yet is beauty alone that for which you must seek. Should poverty, by some fatal chance, fly in at your window, servants may not always be had to wait upon the former, and beauty is in itself, but "a vain and doubtful good."

Learn, rather, if he whom you would choose can hoe corn, pull at weeds—not tobacco and cigars only—plant potatoes, drive fence-posts, set out fruit trees, chop wood, plane a board, shovel a sidewalk, build a fire, bring in a hod of coal or an armful of wood, black his own boots, hone a razor, shave himself, and drive a nail without pounding his own fingers.

Remember that he who has never learned to serve himself is totally unfit to direct those who may serve him.

If then you find one who can say "Yes, ma'am" to the above, why catch him if you can.

GENIUS AND LABOR.

The popular notion that great works are entirely and wholly the result of inspiration, and that men who are inspired are always more or less idle, desultory men, is—well a popular notion. But it is remote from the fact. Small works—speaking still of works of a high order—may be the result of inspiration, and many small portions of a great work may be due exclusively to the same origin. Equally, also, will the general conception of a great work of art be the child of inspiration. But the doing of it in its entirety will be no more inspiration than the making of a cartwheel is inspiration, or the digging of a grave, or the methodical emptying of a gutter. This will be deliberate, downright hard work; and whether it be done at all, and how far it will be done, will depend in no degree upon genius, but on character exclusively.

"It's energy that does it." You may whistle off a lyric almost before you know where you are, and even half a dozen stanzas may come to you from the Lord knows where, but no epic poem was ever composed in that easy, vicarious fashion; no, nor one canto of an epic poem, nor half a canto, nor a fourth. "Pray," said Ignatius Loyola to his disciples, "as though everything depended upon yourselves." A like injunction should govern the man of genius. He cannot help feeling, I suppose, that that which is peculiar to him depends upon celestial influences; but he should set to work as though everything depended upon himself. The winds come to the sails that are stretched to receive them; but if they are allowed to lay idly against the mast, the breeze will blow them to little purpose.

THE HAT OF THE PERIOD.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* has a treatise on women's hats, in which it says: "You meet a remarkably modest and timid appearing young lady to-day, and you notice that her hat has a meek and shrinking indentation in the crown. It looks as if it wanted to shun the wicked world and hang itself up in a nunnery. To-morrow you meet the same lady, and what a change. She appears as a daring Joan of Arc, and as independent as if she was president of a woman's congress. And her whole appearance is thus altered by pinning up the front of that hat. Next day she appears like a brigand. The brim is flattened out, and her eyes gleam furiously from underneath as if watching an opportunity to order you to stand and deliver. You see her again, and the rim turned up behind, while it is very flat in front, gives her the appearance of a female Solon Shingle trying to find a customer for that 'bar'l of apple sass.' Again, and it is pitched on the extreme back of the head, reminding you of Toodles in his cups, when he is assuring the 'sailor man' that when his father heard of the sailor man's death, 'he went broken-hearted to his grave, and *died there*.' With all these advantages it is no wonder that the reigning hat is popular. It is comfortable to the head, so they say, and it is an ornament or a disguise, as required. It is demure, jaunty, meek, saucy, bold, sly, obstinate, conciliating, tender—whatever you please—everything by turns and nothing long. It is the hat of the period, cunning and deceitful, but above all things desperately wicked."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are so compounded from concentrated principles, extracted from roots and herbs, as to combine in each small granule, *scarcely larger than a mustard seed*, as much cathartic power as is contained in any larger pills for sale in drug stores. They are not only pleasant to take, but their operation is easy—unattended with any griping pain. They operate without producing any constitutional disturbance. Unlike other cathartics, they do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, they establish a permanently healthy action. *Being entirely vegetable*, no particular care is required while using them.

$500 *Reward* is offered by the Proprietor to any one who will detect in these Pellets any calomel or other form of mercury, mineral poison, or injurious drug.

They are sold by Druggists.

No influence is so strong or so lasting as that which the mother has over her children; no shame is so great as that which she brings upon them when she fails in her own life, and covers her name and theirs with disgrace. To those restless feminine souls who cry out for more power, more authority, more expansion in society, it may be said, "You have the largest share of all, you who are mothers with children to guide, to educate, and to mould."

POSTSCRIPTS.

—St. Louis wants a "Zoo," too, and will pay $200,000 for a beginning.

—The newest thing in signs: "A restaurant for ladies and oysters, open at all hours."

—The nabobs of India have caught the English fever, and drive camels four-in-hand.

—Three of the legal holidays of the present year occur on Tuesday—Washington's birthday, Decoration day, and the Fourth of July.

—There is a man in Oswego County who fairly pants for fame. He proposes to wear to the Centennial a pair of trowsers that his grandfather wore in 1776.

—The London Dramatic News says that at the elephant hunt of the Prince of Wales in Ceylon, no reporters were permitted to be present; but one enterprising "special" had his head shaved, painted his body black, put a string around his waist and joined the party of beaters.

—The origin of the word "cuspidor" now vexes the philologists. The word was applied thirty years ago to a spittoon of chinaware, and some believe it derived from the Portuguese through the Chinese, while others find a derivation in the Latin *cuspis, cuspidis*, used by Martial to signify spit or brush.

—There are now in the English army no fewer than two generals, one colonel, three lieutenant colonels in command of regiments, and many other field officers, who have risen from the ranks. One of the generals is a major-general, the other a brigadier. A Companion of the Bath and a "Victoria Cross."

—According to the Almanach de Gotha the subjects of Queen Victoria, exclusive of those in the British Islands, number 208,000,000. Of these there are upwards of 5,000,000 in America, nearly 2,500,000 in Australia, etc., nearly 2,000,000 in Africa; about 176,000 in Europe, and in Asia nearly 193,000,000.

—A witty hair dresser in Paris has for his sign an Absalom suspended by his hair and pierced by a lance in the midst of a forest, while underneath is this description:

Passant, contemplez le douleur
D'Absalom pendu par la nuque!
Il eut evite ce malheur,
S'il avait porte la perruque.

—Compared with other cities, Philadelphia is one of the healthiest in the world. The last annual rate of mortality was: Calcutta, 45 per 1000 of the population; Paris 25; Brussels 24; Amsterdam, 31; Rotterdam, 25; The Hague 23; Copenhagen, 19; Christiana, 21; Berlin, 25; Hamburg, 22, Breslau, 25; Munich, 30; Vienna, 24, Buda and Pesth, 36; Rome, 37; Naples 29; Turin, 21; Florence, 33; Alexandria, 46; New York, 23; Brooklyn, 25; Philadelphia, 19; Bombay, 28; outer London 22; inner London, 28.

—A lady-rape died in Dresden recently: "As Director Schopf (the director of the gardens) leaned over his favorite the ape drew him towards her, placed her arm around the neck of her friend and looked at him for some time with clear and tranquil eyes; she then kissed him three times, with short intervals between each salute, motioned to be laid on the couch, gave her hand to Schopf—as though bidding farewell to a companion of many happy years—and slept never to wake again."

—A married couple recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding by presenting their friends with pictures of them as they looked a quarter of a century ago and as they look now. The notion is novel and pleasant. Photography has many uses, among which it could be the perpetuation of faces according to some system. Children should have their likenesses taken every birthday, and the gallery of themselves thus formed would be a most interesting history of their lives.

—The petty kind of presents distributed by the Prince of Wales in India, is exciting astonishment and dissatisfaction in that land of magnificence and pomp. Among the articles given in return for presents which impoverished princes were clasp-knives, drinking-horns, opera-glasses and pencil cases. An Indian newspaper thinks that "the purveyor of this extraordinary cargo has apparently been guided in deciding what the Indians would probably like by the works of Fenimore Cooper and reminiscences of Cattle's expedition."

—The tiger hunting of the Prince of Wales in India, is not quite as fierce, exciting, and dangerous as that kind of thing has been found to be by some of the other adventurous sportsmen of the jungles. Dr. Russell describes the way in which the Prince enjoyed the sport. Armed with a rifle, he was placed in the second story of a house, which was loopholed and well protected, and the doomed tiger was roused from sleep and driven toward the house. The Prince fired at the unsuspecting beast, hit it, fired again as it fled, hit it as it staggered away in death, mounted his elephant, fired into it twice more, and it was dead—whereupon the carcass was borne off in triumph on the back of an elephant. And for many a year after the Prince's return to England the cured skin of that tiger will remind him of his adventurous exploits as a tiger hunter in the East Indies.

Any one desiring a recipe how to make soap for a cent a pound, will receive it gratis, by addressing J. L. Cregin & Co., Philadelphia, the manufacturers of the justly celebrated Dobbins' Electric Soap.

RECEIPTS.

There is no simpler method for preventing cider growing sour than mustard seed. After the cider has fermented and reached the desired palatable condition, put one pint of mustard seed to a barrel of cider, and bung tight.

Stove lustre, when mixed with turpentine, and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy, and more durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new.

To Raise the Nap of Velvet.—Place a dampened towel over the face of a moderately hot flat-iron. Lay the piece of velvet on this immediately, and, while the steam is passing through, brush briskly in the direction that will raise the nap; a nail-brush will answer the purpose.

To Cure Hoarseness.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of a cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known effectually to cure the ailment.

Books Preserved.—The bindings may be preserved from mildew by brushing them over with spirits of wine. A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russia leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulds or sustains injury from damp. The Romans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable manuscripts. Russia leather covered books placed in a stationer's window will destroy flies and other insects.

A Strong White Paste.—Dissolve 2½ oz. of gum arabic in 2 quarts of water, and stir it into 1 pound of wheat flour until the whole becomes of a pasty consistency. It is then to be heated, and 1½ oz. each of sugar of lead and alum dissolved in a little water added thereto, and the composition well stirred until it shows signs of boiling, when it must be removed from the fire. Add while hot six drops of carbolic acid. This is a very tenacious and durable paste, and may be used on almost any substance.

To Make a Good Mucilage.—The best quality of mucilage is made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and strong vinegar, and adding one-fourth of an equal volume of alcohol, and a small quantity of a solution of alum in water. The action of the vinegar is due to the acetic acid which it contains. This prevents the composition from gelatinizing by cooling; but the same result may be accomplished by adding a small quantity of nitric acid. Some of the preparations offered for sale are merely boiled starch, or flour, mixed with nitric acid to prevent the gelatinizing.

Worthless Imitations

Of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, March 25, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Pittsburgh—136 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—302 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—532 *Richmond St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

DEFINITE AIMS.

For want of definiteness of purpose many lives are seemingly wasted. In the lives of most persons who have achieved great results in science, in art, in literature, in mechanics, there have come times of enlargement of purpose, when, having reached a certain goal proposed, still larger plans are marked out and results aimed at, and finally accomplished, that in the beginning of the career were not anticipated. There are comprehensive minds capable of forecasting all probable results of certain principles of conduct, of mapping out their futures; but the majority of minds are apprehensive, and grow into larger and larger views of life and its surroundings. The majority of men are not so made that they can grasp the ultimate results of a certain course of action. They move on from one point to another, advancing their goal as they proceed, but seeing clearly from the goal reached to the next one aimed for. This faculty of clear vision is partly a gift, but it is capable of wide cultivation. A great many people move as in a fog all their lives, and never see anything distinctly unless it is right under their eyes, and then cannot call it by name, give its dimensions, uses, origin, and purpose. Like sailors on an unknown sea, shrouded in mist, with compass lost, they drift uncertainly; and what wonder that they are often carried upon sunken reefs and barren shores. Blind fortune often showers on the idle, the careless, the improvident, her choicest gifts, and as often takes them away; but so uncertain are her favors that it is folly to await her fickle pleasure. He who wants any one thing would best set to work to get it, and take no account of fortune and her wayward caprices. Besides, she has not at her disposal the noblest prizes to which mortals aspire; these come always as the reward of industry, never as the result of accident.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

The whole of life may be regarded as a great school of experience, in which men and women are the pupils. As in a school, many of the lessons learned there must needs be taken on trust. We may not understand them, and may possibly think it hard that we have to learn them, especially where the teachers are trials, sorrows, temptations, and difficulties; and yet we must not only accept their lessons, but recognize them as being divinely appointed.

To what extent have we profited by our experience in the school of life? What advantage have we taken of our opportunities for learning? What have we gained in discipline of heart and mind? How much in growth of wisdom, courage, self-control? Have we preserved our integrity amidst prosperity, and enjoyed life in temperance and moderation? Or has life been with us a mere feast of selfishness, without thought for others? What have we learned from trial and adversity? Have we learned patience and submission? or have we learned nothing but impatience, querulousness and discontent?

The results of experience are, of course, only to be achieved by living, and living is a question of time. The man of experience learns to rely on Time as his helper. Time has been described as a beautifier and as a consoler, but it is also a teacher. It is the food of experience, the soil of wisdom. It may be the friend or the enemy of youth; and Time will sit beside the old as a consoler or as a tormentor, according as it has been used or misused, and the past life has been well or ill spent.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

There are two kinds of patriotism, the one which passes sometimes by the name and consists of the merest bigotry and narrow-mindedness, exhibiting itself in national prejudice, national conceit and national hatred. But, as there is an ignoble, so there is a noble patriotism—the patriotism that invigorates and elevates a country by noble work—that does its duty truthfully and manfully—that lives an honest, sober and upright life, and strives to make the best use of the opportunities for improvement that present themselves on every side; and at the same time a patriotism that cherishes the memory and example of the great men of old, who, by their sufferings in the cause of religion or of freedom, have won for themselves a deathless glory, and for their nation those privileges of free life and free political institutions of which they are the inheritors and possessors.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XI.

THE REVOLUTION AND ITS HERO.

Samuel Adams, on hearing the guns of Lexington, exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" Prophetic words, for though nights of dense darkness were to intervene, the war opened that morning was only to terminate with the entire freedom of the colonies!

It was decided by the Provincial Congress that an army of 30,000 men should be immediately raised in New England, which call was warmly responded to by men who bore upon their banners and on their hearts the words "Liberty or Death."

There had been no serious thought of war, until it could no longer be avoided with humiliating compromise; but once declared, it was discovered that seeds of discord, sown through the years, had not fallen on our soil to die; but were germinating for growth. As from the fabled Dragon's teeth sprang an army equipped for service, so from the sowing, perhaps forgotten, appeared as if by magic, troops flocking from all quarters to the vicinity of Boston.

Martial law was proclaimed in Massachusetts by General Gage, whose army was reinforced by troops under Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton; although pardon was offered to any who would throw down their arms and return to their allegiance.

To this the Americans returned but one answer, and steadily prepared for war. Forts, magazines, and arsenals were seized by the patriots, and the victory of Lexington was succeeded by one even more important to the material interests of the Colonists—the capture of the fortress of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, where valuable stores and numerous field pieces fell into their hands.

Not alone in the more northern Colonies had the spirit of Liberty, during these nights and days of waiting and watching, grown to her full stature. In Virginia, the voice of Patrick Henry was again heard urging his compatriots to stake all for freedom, preparing them by eloquent appeals, to lead the van in the great work; while in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, twenty resolutions were adopted, deliberately stating the right of the people of that Colony to sunder the bonds then binding them to the crown of Great Britain.

It being important to gain possession of the hills around Boston, Colonel Prescott with 1000 men was ordered to advance and entrench Bunker's Hill. By some mistake Breed's Hill, equally high but nearer the town, was chosen. Here, in a most exposed position, on account of the British vessels lying in the harbor, the Americans raised a redoubt, so quickly and silently that the enemy was surprised when the morning sun revealed the work of a few hours.

An incessant firing commenced from the British ships, while a detachment, under Generals Howe and Pigot, was sent to attack the redoubt. In the severe engagement that ensued the British were twice repulsed; but advancing the third time, with reinforcements, carried the fortifications. Without food or water, and with but one round of ammunition remaining, the colonel realized that nothing remained for them but to retreat, which they did slowly and in order, though under a deadly fire, leaving upon the field their brave General Warren, whose loss, Howe said, was equal to that of five hundred men, and whose name Webster has commended to us with thrilling eloquence as the first martyr to a great cause!

Thus ended the battle of Bunker's Hill—so called—in which though the patriots fell back, their loss was not half as great as that of the enemy, and which, on account of its effect upon the future of the Colonies, deserves a place among the ranks of victory.

It revealed to the Americans the fact that this was no slight contest of days or weeks upon which they had entered; but one that would require all the strength, endurance and sacrifice of an entirely united people.

The Continental Congress held at Philadelphia, then the most important city in the Colonies, decided that a regular army of 20,000 men should be organized, and by that body, his eulogy being spoken, by John Adams, George Washington was elected Commander-in-chief of the Colonial forces.

The same Congress appointed Lee, Schuyler, Putnam, and Ward as major-generals, with ten others as brigadiers. They also issued bills of credit to the amount of three millions of dollars, named a committee to secure the neutrality of the Indians, and organized a postoffice department, over which Benjamin Franklin was, a little later, elected postmaster-general.

Irving traces the Washington genealogy back to the century succeeding the Norman Conquest, which is as near Adam as most English families try to attain, the name then borne by the family being De Hertburn. In 1257 De Hertburn was changed into De Wessyngton, which was subsequently modified into Wassington, the De being dropped, and the analogy being evident between this name and Washington.

Two brothers Washington came over from England in 1657, with other cavaliers, and settled in Virginia, then a most loyal Colony. From one of these, Colonel John Washington, our Washington is descended, being born February 22, 1732. His father Augustine Washington, was twice married, and George, the eldest son of his second wife Mary Ball, a young and beautiful woman.

Like most great men, Washington had a great and good mother, who stood to him in lieu of both parents, as his father died when he was quite young.

In this brief sketch, it will be impossible to dwell upon the inherited traits of this illustrious man from a long and distinguished ancestry; or of the important influence of a well-ordered home, and careful training upon a character ever remarkable for its consistency and moderation.

From earliest childhood Washington spent much of his time in the open air, and later taking part in fox hunts, then the favorite amusement of the Virginia gentlemen, he became a thorough horseman, and from this and his experience in making surveys of lands, he was so well acquainted with the nature of the country for many miles around, that he was looked upon, though a very young man at that time, as a suitable guide for General Braddock.

Of his distinguished service during the French and Indian War we have all read. Subsequently, in the school of free thought and inquiry then educating the popular mind, Washington mingled freely with such men as Henry, Pendleton, Adams and the representative men from all the Colonies convened in the Philadelphia Congress, to which he was also a delegate.

Seeing, reading and hearing all, he weighed the important questions of the hour in his clear and well balanced mind, and when war seemed inevitable, summed all in these concise words:

"Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice!"

Although the names of many great and good men are indissolubly linked with the history of our struggle for independence, such as Franklin, Otis, Henry, Hancock, the Adamses, Jefferson, and a host of others, forming a brilliant constellation in that dark sky, which, like the light of the far-off stars, will shine down upon us long years after their disappearance, Washington, among them all, stands pre-eminently the Hero of the Revolution.

The history of the one cannot be written without the other, for his fair record lies on her open page in days and nights of watching and privation, in battles, marches, triumphs and defeats.

With what humility and distrust of his own powers Washington accepted the sacred duty laid upon his shoulders by an entire nation, his own words best tell us:

"I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not consider myself equal to the command I am honored with."

Here was no vain boast of speedy success, but an acceptance of a clearly defined duty amid trembling hopes and fervent prayers.

On the morning of July 3d, 1775, General Washington took command of the Colonial army under a great elm in Cambridge. All pressed forward eagerly to catch a glimpse of the new commander. What they saw was a well made and noble-looking man of forty-three, with a face full of benevolence, yet with the kingly grace of command impressed upon every feature.

If the stripling of twenty-one had been intrepid and daring, so also was the middle-aged man, with maturer judgment, larger grasp, and more concentrated powers.

Something of this the people read in his face as they pressed around him, and as the chief sat his horse that day with inimitable ease and dignity, reviewing the mixed multitude of raw recruits that he was destined to transform into a powerful army, he presented, even to outward view, no mean type of a hero.

Washington at once set about organizing and disciplining the troops, now joined by riflemen from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and making arrangements for their comfort.

In consequence of the great scarcity of powder in the Continental army, he determined to besiege Boston for some months, without making any attempt to take the city. During this siege the troops in the town suffered much from small-pox and want of food and fuel, whilst the army outside was gradually supplied and equipped, having the advantage of communication with the surrounding country.

The Northern troops being thus engaged, the Virginians were gathering their forces to resist the aggressions of the British under Lord Dunmore, whom they defeated in a severe battle, December 9th, 1775. A few days later the town of Norfolk was burned by the enraged governor. Even after this ruthless destruction, there were some good men who dreaded a final separation from England, and still hoped for reconciliation on a solid basis.

The flag that Washington raised over his headquarters at Cambridge, on New Year's Day, 1776, although it bore thirteen stripes to represent the United Colonies, had in the corner the English cross of St. George, with the Scottish cross of St. Andrew laid across it, showing that an entire separation had not been effected.

George's mistaken policy, when the olive branch was finally offered to him, severed the last link in the chain. That the King of England should close up their ports, and call in the aid of seventeen thousand foreign mercenaries against his own subjects, were indignities not to be born meekly by any right-minded man in the Colonies.

General Washington succeeded in gaining Dorchester Heights, from whence he so effectually assailed the enemy, that General Howe embarked his troops for Halifax, and evacuated Boston, March 17, 1776.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest literary and family story paper in the country, has issued a chromo picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi River. It is a free offering to all subscribers, and is the largest chromo ever given by a paper, being 19 x 25 inches. It is a faithful copy of the magnificent picture at the Capitol at Washington, and it has been made solely for the subscribers to the POST. The specialty of the POST is, that it is prepared for the home and the family, all its illustrations and reading matter having that end in view. It is bright, attractive, and richly illustrated, and with its new type, paper, etc., is the most elegant, popular, and appropriate periodical for the fireside published anywhere. Terms, $2.00 a year.—*I. C. B. U. Journal*, Philadelphia.

WE are much pleased to see upon our table that old and popular literary paper, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by Reed, Wickersham & Co., of Philadelphia. It is the oldest, and in our opinion the best literary paper in the country. Its contents are highly interesting and at the same time of a pure moral tone. Mrs. Henry Wood, one of the ablest and most entertaining writers in this country is a regular writer for the POST. The list of popular writers for the paper is a large one; and altogether the paper is deserving of a place in every family in the land.—*Weekly Times, Decatur, Ill., Feb.* 17, 1876.

THE publishers of the Philadelphia POST have reduced the price of that paper to $2.00 a year. The POST is the oldest literary and family paper in the United States, having been founded 56 years ago. It is an exceedingly interesting paper, its Centennial, Scientific and Household Departments being unusually attractive, and its general miscellany of a high order.—*Herald, Liberty, Indiana.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY, A. D. 1776.

On New Year's Day, a hundred years ago, England was depressed or elated (according to political bias) at the aspect of affairs in America. London was divided in opinion on the question of "the Provincials" and the mother country. While George III was donning his claret-colored suit, his three eldest sons were buckling on their tiny dress swords, and the queen and two of her daughters were in the hands of their tire-women, all in preparation for hearing the "Ode for the New Year" in the Council Chamber at St. James'.

Now there was much curiosity afloat as to the utterance of the poet laureate at this critical juncture. The insurrection in America had become general; public opinion in England in a great degree sympathised with the insurgents; but the drop of comfort in the goblet of sorrow was that Quebec had been gallantly saved from the attempt to surprise it by Montgomery and Arnold. The laureate made the best of a very bad business, and the following was the ode, sung to Boyce's music, at St. James' a hundred years ago:

"On the white rocks which guard her coast,
Observant of the parting day,
Whose orb was half in ocean lost,
Reclin'd Britannia lay:
While o'er the wat'ry waste
A pensive look she cast,
And scarce could check the rising sigh,
And scarce could stop the tear which trembled in her eye.

"'Sheathe, sheathe the sword which thirsts for blood,'
She cried, 'deceived, mistaken men;
Nor let your parent o'er the flood
Send forth her voice in vain.
Alas! no tyrant she;
She courts you to be free.
Submissive, hear her first command,
Nor force unwilling vengeance from a parent's hand.'

"Hear her, ye wise, to duty,
And teach the rest to feel,
Nor let the madness of a few
Distress the public weal.
So shall the opening year assume—
Time's fairest child—a happier bloom;
The light-winged hours shall lightly move,
The sun with added lustre shine;
'To err is human'—let us prove
'Forgiveness is divine.'"

Two or three days afterwards the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper published in London, gave the following counter ode, showing that the policy of the government towards America was not universally approved of, and also that considerable freedom of expression of public opinion existed even at that time:

"On the green banks which guard her strand,
Regardful of the rising day,
Whose radiant orb illumed her land,
America reclining lay.
Far o'er the boisterous main
Her aching eyeballs strain,
Yet she disdained to heave a single sigh,
Or drop a single tear from her enraged eye.

"'In vain,' she cried, 'the sword ye wield,
Ye poor, deceived, mistaken men:
Old Freedom's sons disdain to yield,
Though they have sued in vain.
In truth no rebels we,
Who live but to be free;
Who ne'er denied your mild command,
But scorn'd to sink beneath your wrathful hand.

"'Learn to be wise, and learn to know
What all the world must own—
Your blessings from our blessings flow,
While commerce guards the throne.
Learn this and let each future year
More radiant than the rest appear;
Let Peace and plenty smile again,
And let fair Freedom shine;
Thine was the fault, Britannia, then
Be reparation thine!'"

In the following July the Declaration of Independence came like thundering echoes of this counter ode. In 1783 "Britannia" recognized the independence as a fact, and she made graceful reparation, as recommended in the above lines of 1776, in the last of the simply eloquent words addressed by the king in reply to the words uttered by Mr. John Adams, when, in 1784, he was presented to George III as the first plenipotentiary to the English court from the United States of America. Let them be kept in memory on both sides of the Atlantic:

"And, Sir, as I was the last person that consented to the independence of the United States, so shall I be the last person to disturb or in any manner to infringe upon their sovereign independent rights; and I hope and trust that from blood, religion, manners, habits of intercourse, and almost every other consideration, the two nations will continue for ages in friendship and confidence with each other."

CENTENNIAL KINDERGARTEN.

The Kindergarten plan of teaching, which adds so wonderfully to the happiness of children's lives, has hitherto been known to us principally as a luxury, and has often deviated from the shape so carefully and skilfully moulded by Froebel. Yet in its true form it has already been recognized in two of our large cities—Boston and St. Louis—as a necessary grade in thorough education, and has been incorporated with the public school system. To Philadelphia, however, has been accorded the satisfaction of having first introduced this beneficent mode of education into Asylums for orphans. Among the most interesting features at the Centennial Exposition, will be a little class of orphan children belonging to the Northern Home for Friendless Children, trained by the cheerful and kindly Kindergarten methods of instruction, which provide employment and exercises for the healthful and harmonious development of all the faculties. It is truly a beautiful way of teaching which gives to very little children, by means of various forms of organized play, habits of attention, order, industry, and manual dexterity, and by pleasant little processes of weaving, clay-moulding, block-building, etc., conveys to them the knowledge of forms, numbers, and colors, with the right combinations of each to attain certain ends.

It is hoped that the exhibition of this small model school may demonstrate not only the excellence of the true Kindergarten system, but its special adaptation to orphan asylums. Its genial, motherly influence supplies to the desolate little inmates something of the happiness of home, while they are gaining quickness of observation, accurate knowledge, and habits of cheerful industry, as well as taste and the development of latent powers of invention and construction, all of which will be invaluable aids to them in after life, either in manual labor or the different departments of art in which their work may lie.

Rooms suitable for the exhibition of the class will be prepared by the Centennial Committee in the Women's Department of the Exposition, and the tender age of the children prevents, as experience has shown, any injury from consciousness of the presence of observers, who will be judiciously admitted under proper regulations.

The furniture of the rooms and the salaries of teachers have been almost entirely provided by special donations from citizens of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, but a certain fund is still necessary to prepare and carry out the arrangements for the suitable exhibition of this model school.

The Committee on the Centennial Kindergarten earnestly hope that this fund will be forthwith supplied by the generosity of the community—a generosity which will be speedily rewarded by seeing these little friendless children gaining, through their pretty games, and songs, and cheerful Kindergarten training, some of the most important elements of knowledge and of character, and learning how to be both happy and useful in their various careers in life.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

The United States, Russia, Turkey, and Egypt are the principal nations which produce more wheat than they consume. The two fields last mentioned are exhausted by the hungry ports along the Mediterranean, leaving the United States and Russia to mainly supply the surplus population of the North. Ten years ago Russia furnished almost half the bread imported by England, while America furnished only one-eighth; now America furnishes one-half, while Russia contributes only one-fifth. In 1874, the Russian crops greatly diminished, leaving little for export, while American exports doubled in three years. The Russian crops of the last two years have been scanty, giving American grain a still more signal advantage.

In 1850, the United States produced 100,485,944 bushels of wheat; in 1860, 173,104,924 bushels, and in 1870, no less than 287,745,626 bushels. Nothing but our tremendous industry and resources enable us to hold our own in competition with the giant of the North.

Russia has an enormous advantage of position. She can throw her grain into Berlin, Paris and London at a cost of 20 cents a bushel, while American wheat cannot reach its market from its distant field for less than 50 or 60 cents. But, on the other hand, American wheat is grown by intelligent freemen, while Russian wheat is produced by an ignorant and slothful peasantry, but very little raised above the condition of slavery. They are no longer serfs of the State, but they are serfs of their parishes; they cannot own land; they are subject to taxation and liable to arbitrary arrest; there is a penalty fixed on industry, and very little encouragement given to any man to try to better his condition. All independence and self-reliance are prevented, and the workers exist in a communism of wretchedness.

Efforts in this country towards procuring a cheap outlet for wheat promise still further to increase the lead of American commerce. Windom's cheap plan of transportation by opening the mouth of the Mississippi so that ships could safely pass, will, when consummated, cause a tremendous revival of the agricultural industries of the West. The Mississippi Valley will leap into threefold wealth in a decade after the carrying of wheat to Europe is transferred from the rail to the river.

A saving of 10 cents a bushel—which is a low estimate of the difference between land and water carriage—would save $10,000,000 a year to the States of Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and American wheat can always be grown profitably for $1 a bushel, and, with the sharp competition of Russia, it is not likely to average much more than that, unless methods of transportation can be rendered simpler and cheaper.

THE SEVENTY-SIX CLUB.

This is a Club which has been lately organized, to be composed exclusively of *Women Journalists*, who, having for their object the furtherance of an honorable, lucrative, and useful profession for women, invite their associates of the United States and the world, to participate in the approaching celebration of the Centennial Exposition, to be held in Philadelphia during the coming summer. They have already made arrangements for suitable accommodations in the Centennial Buildings, and have received from the PRESS CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, the courteous offer of their hospitality, during that season, to ladies connected with the Press.

Photographs and autographs of women eminent in literature will be collected, and the names of all women connected with magazines or newspapers—either editorially or as correspondents, dramatic or musical critics, etc., are solicited at as early a date as possible, in order to form lists, which shall entitle those inscribed thereon to the privilege of this organization.

The privilege of active membership in the Seventy-Six Club is secured by the payment of one dollar annual dues to any of the following-named officers: Mrs. E. S. Bladen, President, Office of the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*; Miss Annie McDowell, Treasurer, Office of the *Sunday Republic*, Philadelphia; Mrs. F. E. Benedict, Secretary, Office of the *City Item*, Philadelphia.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, that old favorite literary paper, will next week begin the publication of a new story by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," entitled "Baffled." This announcement will cause a grand influx of new subscribers to this popular journal. Mrs. Wood is one of the most fascinating story-writers of the age, and this is the only convenient source from which this charming new story can be procured. The POST is altogether an admirable paper, and has lost none of its old-time *prestige*.—*Miami Gaz., Waynesville, Ohio*, Feb. 16, 1876.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is now published at the reduced price of $2 per annum, making it the cheapest paper of the kind published. It constantly carries three or four serials, all by well-known writers, which would do credit in book form, and the last number commences "Baffled," by Mrs. Henry Wood, a name familiar to story readers.—*Gazette, Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Pa., Feb.* 23, 1876.

THE price of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been reduced to $2.00 a year and five cents a copy, making it one of the cheapest papers in the country. The POST is always filled with choice and instructive reading.—*Weekly Guide*, Germantown, Philadelphia, Feb. 26, 1876.

WE may as well expect to grow stronger by constant eating, as wiser by constant reading.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Emperor of Brazil will be here early in April.

THE Sunday question at the Centennial is not yet settled.

FRENCH steamers will run direct to Philadelphia during the Centennial.

WE shall soon understand the significance of every flag of every nation under the sun.

THE apprentices at the depot-shop of the Reading Railroad Company are now constructing, for exhibition at the Centennial, a locomotive which will be a splendid specimen of American workmanship.

THE Cologne *Gazette's* Berlin letter says that a colossal statue of Prince Bismarck will be sent to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. A copy is to be erected at Kissingen, on the spot where Kullman attempted the Chancellor's life.

FROM the 15th to the 27th of May there will be a Centennial billiard tournament at Horticultural Hall, in which the leading players of the world will participate. The proceeds will go to the Centennial Fund. Prizes amounting to $5,000 will be offered.

THE Massachusetts, Connecticut, Indiana and Ohio State buildings are all in a row. Each has adopted a different style of architecture, and they will be built of wood, except Ohio's, which is of brown stone, and, although only a few feet from the ground, it promises to be the finest of them all. The New Jersey building adjoins the Women's Pavilion, and has a tall tower over the front entrance.

THE Netherlands, of which Rotterdam is one of the chief cities, will be represented at the Centennial by a collection of original books and engravings, maps, newspapers and periodicals. All of these will be put up in elegant cases, surmounted by the busts of prominent poets of the country. The shelves will contain 1800 recent books upon educational topics alone. Besides these there will be books in every department of science.

A CALIFORNIA firm has contracted for a miniature 20-stamp quartz mill to be exhibited at the Centennial. The mill is to be the finest, and the engine is be about 4-inch bore by 6-inch stroke, with other machinery in proportion. All the wood used in and about the mill is to be polished mahogany and California laurel. The entire process of reducing and amalgamating ores is to be shown precisely as it is done in the regular mills.

IT is proposed that during the continuance of the Exhibition there shall be a special police court established within the inclosure, for the prompt disposition of cases of assault and battery, pocket picking, etc., that may arise. Such a court could be located in the quarters assigned to this city, and would partake of the nature of a display of the American system of criminal law and justice. The main advantage would be that a person complaining would not have to suffer the inconvenience and loss of time that would be entailed on him by having to go outside to enter the complaint. The Centennial authorities favor the idea.

THE Egyptian building is small and circular in shape. It will have a clear space inside of about ten feet square. Although rather diminutive, yet it will be very neat and will doubtless prove attractive from the antiquity and the traditions connected with the government for whom it is being built. The workmen engaged in its construction are foreigners, and as a reporter is not generally supposed to be a linguist, we were unable to ascertain the manner in which its interior is to be arranged, nor what it will contain. The exhibits from that country were the first to arrive, and there are 142 cases of goods from distant points stored in the main building.

THE movement for the erection of a monument on the Centennial grounds to the first Episcopal Bishop of America—the chaplain to the first American Congress and the American army, a companion patriot with Washington and his life-long friend, the recipient of the first degree of LL. D., which the University of Pennsylvania conferred, a Philadelphian whom his Philadelphia brethren ever delighted to honor—the great and good Dr. White, is one which should receive prompt, generous and practical aid. The country has particular need to be reminded at this Centennial climax of its happiness of the sterling piety that in Bishop White was inseparable from sterling patriotism.

THE exclusive privilege of collecting and delivering telegraphic messages within the Exhibition Grounds, together with the furnishing of guides and messengers, has been granted to the American District Telegraph Company, of Philadelphia. There will be a general telegraph office on the grounds where operators of the Western Union, Atlantic and Pacific, and Reading and Pottsville lines will be stationed; but the collection and delivery of the dispatches will be exclusively in the hands of the American District Company. The reputation this institution has established for efficiency and reliability is a guarantee that its Centennial services will be well and faithfully performed.

AT Memphis forty members of the Cotton Exchange have made up a thousand dollar purse as a premium, to be paid to the producer of the best bale of cotton, to be exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial in July next, as a specimen of the agricultural skill of that region. Competing bales must be of the product of 1876, weigh not less than four hundred and fifty pounds and be delivered to the committee on or before March 1. The premium open to competition from all parts of Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama, trading with Memphis. Memphis cotton bales have already taken the prizes at the World's Fairs of Paris, France; Vienna, Austria; London, England; and New York, and it is the intention of the Cotton Exchange to carry off the prizes at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

THE Agricultural Building, which stands north of Horticultural building, and is somewhat isolated, has had such serious drawbacks in its construction, that it alone, of all the buildings, is not closed in, yet the simplicity of its construction is such that it will require but a few weeks to enable the contractor, Mr. Quigley, to tranfer it to the Commission. Inside the building there are no long distances to be seen, as in the Main Building and Machinery Hall, but, instead, there are presented arches, receiving light direct by glass sections in planes, forming roof cover, and upright posts supporting the roof of the intervening space. The end of the central nave has been embellished with several fancy wooden devices and has been painted. The towers that were blown down by the recent high winds have also been replaced.

IN the Women's Building none of the goods on exhibition will be classified, but placed in an apartment. A large portion of the northern sections has been set apart for the Art Department. The applications for space here from celebrated artists and sculptors has been very large, which includes gems from Paris, London, Milan, Italy, etc. One section will contain women's industries, such as engraving, book-binding, lithographing, etc.; another for patents, in which will be the useful patents conceived by women, many of them now in useful operation. In the east end will be a large music gallery, in which an orchestra will be stationed. There will also be a collection of old relics. The building will contain offices, parlors and every other arrangement that taste and convenience can suggest. There will be no goods allowed in the building except those manufactured by women.

A NUMBER of gentlemen of this city, among whom is Mr. A. C. Harmer, propose to devote about one hundred acres of ground, located on the outside of the city, near Germantown for the purpose of a camp. There are three buildings on the ground which can be utilized, and the gentlemen having the scheme in view propose to build barracks for the further accommodation of soldiers who wish to stay any length of time in Philadelphia. In addition to these accommodations a detachment of soldiers will find sufficient grounds upon which to erect tents if they see fit. A restaurant will be opened and food furnished at very reasonable rates, in order that soldiers who do not desire to pay the regular hotel prices may sojourn for a while near the Centennial grounds at a reduced figure. This project meets with the favor of the Centennial Commission, as they are desirous that some place may be fixed on to which they can refer soldiers who apply to them during the summer for comfortable quarters.

$20,000 has been paid for the privilege of forming and controlling the Department of Public Comfort. The company is required to put up a building 100 feet by 200 feet, to cost not less than $20,000. This is to be used for waiting rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and no charge will be allowed. The company will also have offices and messengers in many portions of the buildings and grounds, and will be allowed to charge moderately for the care of packages, parcels, travelers' luggage, umbrellas, canes, etc., for which they will give checks, and to sell newspapers and periodicals, but not exclusive of the rights of other newsmen. There will be messengers and a system of telegraph to be used by the Public Comfort Department, which will be of great service to visitors. For instance, a party of travelers entering the Exhibition at one entrance may give orders to have their luggage and tickets ready for them at another gate at a certain hour, or they may telegraph to have their luggage sent to a certain point to meet them.

ELLA.

BY LIBERTY C. SPOONER.

CHAPTER VI.

Ella robed herself, dressed, put the one feather shoe carefully away among her small treasures in a box, and prepared to set about her usual daily duties. But it must be confessed she felt a good deal upset and disorganised. Ella attributed this unusual feeling entirely to the loss of the shoe and the anxiety she had suffered in consequence; we may, perhaps, fairly question whether the excitement of the ball and the late hours had not something to do with it. But what young lady ever yet admitted that she was tired after a dance?

The curious part of the matter was that the whole family seemed suffering the same symptoms, but each one had a different theory on the matter. The Baron's head really was very bad this morning, so bad that he hadn't a word to say on any subject; and the Baroness, being herself rather more cross than usual, said it served him right. Nobody quite knew what she meant. Probably she suspected her husband of having taken an extra glass of grog the night before. But the Baron, who, in his secret soul felt guilty, thought at any rate it would be safer for him not to inquire.

The Baroness was the only one of the party who was candid enough to confess that "it was that horrid, stupid ball which had knocked her up."

The young ladies, though they both agreed that the ball had been stupid, were too cross to agree about anything else.

"I saw you eating lobster salad," said Jemima Anne to her sister. "That's what has disagreed with you. I knew it would."

"Eating fiddlesticks!" retorted Sophia Matilda. "I told you my nerves were quite shaken by seeing that lady faint so near me. I thought I should have gone off myself."

"What a pity you didn't, dear! You might have made a little sensation *then*," says Jemima Ann, emphasizing the last word.

"Don't be spiteful and old-maidish, dear," returned Sophia Matilda, with a languid smile. "It makes you look even older than you are, and that isn't necessary, you know. Late hours certainly do affect one's appearance sadly—after a certain age."

"I've had the toothache all the week," says poor Jemima Ann, ruefully. "If I don't look so well as usual, it is easily accounted for."

This discussion takes place at a very late breakfast, at which the Baroness is present in her dressing-gown, and the young ladies in curl-papers. Ella is not there; she, not having very much appetite nor desire for the companionship of her stepmother and sisters, has made her escape out of doors, and is now unbosoming her tale of mingled joy and grief to her feathered friends and confidants.

It is a lovely spring morning, the sun is shining brightly, the air is soft and balmy, and the birds—who have not been out to a ball—are in the blithest spirits. They have nothing but gay carols and pleasant words for their little friend to-day, and Ella's heart is cheered in spite of itself, though she cannot quite divest her mind of the unpleasant impression produced by her dream.

We, of course, know that dreams go by contraries, but Ella, it seems, had never heard the saying, or at least did not remember it.

She had scarcely got to the end of her adventures, when her attention was suddenly aroused by a cloud of dust in the distance, and by the approaching tramp of horses' feet. It was an unusual sound in the neighborhood of this quiet and lonely castle. Who could it be? As Ella asked herself the question, her heart began to beat with a new and strange kind of trepidation, and the color came and went on her cheeks.

Was anything going to happen, she wondered vaguely.

Meantime the approaching horsemen are descried by the three ladies, still sitting over their late breakfast in the castle.

"Who ever can this be coming up the ride?" says the Baroness.

"Perhaps it's the postman," suggests Sophia Matilda, sleepily.

"The postman's been here hours ago. It must be the butcher coming for orders. What can he be about, tearing along like that?" says the Baroness.

Sophia Matilda puts her head, all over curl-papers, out of the window, and then draws it in again quickly.

"My goodness me!" she cries.

At which Jemima Ann immediately puts her head, curl-papers and all, out of the window, too.

"It is—no, it isn't—it can't be——"

"What?" screams the Baroness, peeping over the heads of her daughters.

"Him!" returns Jemima Ann, almost breathless.

"Who?" cries the Baroness.

"The Prince," returns Sophia Matilda.

At which magic word all the three ladies make a bolt together towards the door of the apartment, and run a kind of steeple-chase over one another upstairs to their respective chambers. For the Baroness thinks of her dressing-gown, and the young ladies of their curl-papers, and each at the same moment remembers, with painful distinctness, that it is the height of bad manners to keep visitors—not to say royalty—waiting.

"Most haste," however, was never yet known to make "most speed." And it was some little time before the Baroness could get on her blue turban and pink satin dress, and before the sisters could untwist their glossy locks from the confining papers. Each of the young ladies is quite positive that the honor of the Prince's visit is due entirely to the repute of her own charms.

Very red in the face from flurry and excitement, they at last rush downstairs, tumble over their mother as they descend, and so make their way to the presence of their illustrious visitor.

He is standing in the middle of the room, holding a small feather shoe in his hand.

"I am come," said he, smiling pleasantly on the Baroness, "to restore this little shoe to its rightful owner, whom I believe, madam, to be your daughter, and to carry away, with your permission, the young lady herself."

Each of the sisters gazes, open-eyed, at these astounding remarks, and as for the Baroness, she holds her turban tight on, to make sure that her head is not whirling around.

"Eh! your Royal Highness?" she says, quite bewildered.

"If was impossible not to be struck by the beauty and grace of your daughter," went on the Prince, "and my dearest wish in life is to make her my wife."

At this speech Jemima Ann and Sophia Matilda looked daggers at one another, each thinking the Prince meant the other.

"I'm sure your Royal Highness is *too* kind," says the Baroness.

"But where is she?" asks the Prince.

"Jemima Ann, my noble child, step forward," says the proud mother. "It must be you, my hope and pride, my eldest-born. Or is it you, my little darling pet, my pretty, innocent Sophia Matilda? Step forward, dearest."

The Prince's face falls.

"It is neither of these ladies, madam," he says. "I trust I have not been misinformed. The bride of my choice—my partner of last night—was young, slight, and beautiful. Yet I was credibly informed that she was the Baron's daughter. Has not the Baron another child?"

The Baroness and the young ladies looked at one another.

"The Baron! Oh, well, yes; certainly, your Royal Highness. The Baron has a daughter, but—but you could hardly mean her; and besides, she was not at the ball. She is a mere child."

"I should like to question her," said the Prince.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Cinderella!"

"How ridiculous!" said all the ladies together, under their breath; for of course they couldn't be rude to a Royal Highness' face.

"Cinderella! A pretty name!" said the Prince. "Pray allow me, at any rate, to see the maiden."

The Baroness and her daughters laughed, but dared not refuse.

"Go, Sophia Matilda, love, and fetch the child," said her mother. Then turning to the Prince, "She is a sad pickle, and a terrible anxiety to me, I can assure your Highness."

"Really!" returned the Prince, who knew more about the matter than the Baroness fancied.

Presently, her heart beating fast, and her cheeks as pink as a freshly-blown rose, Ella came timidly into the room, ushered in by the panting Sophia Matilda.

The Prince went up to Ella at once, and held out his hand. Yet even he was a little struck by the difference which her common, everyday frock made on her. Fine feathers, after all, *do* make fine birds.

"Is this my little Princess of last night?" he asked.

Then Ella looked timidly up at him and said "Yes."

And as soon as the Prince saw the shine of her soft eyes and heard the sound of her voice, he knew that it was indeed the same.

"I have brought a certain slipper," he said, smiling, "the daintiest shoe in the world, that could only be worn by the daintiest foot. And I have made a vow that the maiden whose foot shall fit that slipper, I will seek to make my wife. Will you try it, lady?" he asked, turning to Ella.

And Ella saw that the shoe which the Prince held out to her was her own fairy feather slipper, that she had lost at the ball.

Blushing and trembling with excitement, she was just about to take the slipper in her hand, when Jemima Ann, pushing her rudely aside, said:

"Certainly, your Royal Highness, I shall have much pleasure."

The Prince began to look alarmed, but Ella only smiled, for she knew perfectly well that Jemima Ann would never get the shoe on her foot.

Which turned out to be the case, though she pulled, and tugged, and pulled with all her might.

At last, throwing the shoe down in a rage, she bounced out of the room.

Then Sophia Matilda would try her turn, and as her foot was certainly smaller, Ella's heart sank. But though she pulled, and tugged, and pulled with all her might, the slipper would not come on.

But as soon as Ella put it to her foot, it fitted like a glove.

"This is my chosen bride," said the Prince.

So the end of it all was that the Prince rode away then and there with Ella on his horse, and made her his princess-bride into the bargain, and they two were as happy all their lives as they could possibly be.

In course of time the Prince became King and our little heroine Queen, and the Prince was so much taken by the name of Cinderella that he had her always called by it. They ruled for many years over their great kingdom of Nurseriworld, amid the love and devotion of all their subjects; and that is the way in which the name of Cinderella has become so widely known.

THE END.

An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty—of daily duty always carefully performed.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Oswald Pentreath slept the deep and heavy sleep of exhaustion in the stillness of the spare chamber. Judith had lowered the blind and drawn the dimity curtains, and there was obscurity as of summer twilight in the lavender-scented room. But when Oswald opened his eyes it was twilight without as well as within, and he had hardly light enough for the process of dressing in the garments that had been placed ready for him—Joshua's clothes for the most part, his own not being dry enough to put on just yet.

He plunged his face and head in a basin of spring water, and made himself as decent a figure as he could in the minister's clothes, which were much too wide for his slender frame. He was dizzy still from the buffeting the winds and waves had given him, a little dazed and uncertain as to the details of his misfortune, but conscious that Joshua Haggard had saved him from drowning, and that the Dolphin was lost.

"Poor little boat," he said to himself, sorrowfully. "It will be a long day before I get another. Poor little leaky Dolphin, my happiest days have been spent aboard her."

The house was very quiet when he went down stairs presently, shyly, as in a strange place where he was not quite sure of being welcome. Even the man who had saved his life might consider him something of an intruder now that the peril was past. He went softly down the dark staircase, and in the passage paused and looked about him, uncertain which room to enter. There was a door on each side of the passage; that on the left stood a little way ajar, so he pushed it gently open and looked in, expecting to find the minister and his family assembled there in the gloaming.

It was the hour for the closing of the shop, and Joshua and his sister were both engaged. People in Combhollow had a trick of running in for some indispensable article just before the shutters were put up, and this was sometimes the busiest time of the day—a period which demanded the united energies of Mr. Haggard, his shopman and his sister. For some reason of his own Joshua had kept his daughter out of the business—an indulgence which had been something of a stumbling-block to Judith.

"I daresay she'd be more worry than help for the first year or so," remarked Judith, "and I should have my work cut out to teach her the business; but I don't hold with bringing a young woman up in idleness."

"God forbid she should be idle," replied Joshua; "but you can find her plenty of work to do in the house, I should think, without bringing her behind the counter for every young man in Combhollow to scrape acquaintance with her on pretence of buying half a quire of letter-paper or a stick of sealing-wax."

"Bless me," cried Judith, "I didn't know we had such a beauty in the family to bring the young men after her."

"I said nothing about beauty, Judith," answered Joshua, in his grave, reproving tones.

"*I* was in the shop when I was sixteen," said Judith; "but I'm thankful to say I knew how to keep the men at a distance as soon as I knew how to weigh an ounce of tea. However, if you have your fancies about Naomi, I should be the last to interfere."

"I have no fancies," replied the imperturbable Joshua; "but I don't mean Naomi to be in the business."

"And when I am in my grave the shop may go to ruin, I suppose," said Judith.

"I see no occasion for that. Jim will inherit the business, and I hope he may have a clever, industrious wife to help him—as you have helped me, Judith," added the minister, in a propitiatory tone.

"Her cleverness and industry put together won't be much use to Jim, unless she's been brought up in the grocery line and knows the substance of calico and printed goods," answered Judith, decisively.

"Then let us hope that Providence will give Jim a general-dealer's daughter for his wife," replied Joshua.

There the discussion terminated, but it left a lurking resentment in Judith's mind at the idea that her brother was making a lady of his daughter.

These holy women of the last generation were apt to look with a jealous eye upon any aspiring tendencies in their nieces. What was good enough for them, they argued with a show of reason, ought to be good enough for those that came after them. There was a strong conservative element in the Combhollow mind fifty years ago, and conservatism at Combhollow meant stagnation.

* * * *

Oswald Pentreath looked into the twilit parlor, and beheld nothing to increase his shyness. A girl, tall and slim, dark-haired and dark-browed, sat by a table writing, while behind her stood a servant-maid waiting her mistress' orders. At the other end of the room, almost out of sight, a boy of fifteen or so sat astride his chair, and lolled over a slate, with his elbows on the table.

A GIRL, DARK-HAIRED AND DARK-BROWED, SAT BY A TABLE WRITING, WHILE BEHIND HER STOOD A SERVANT-MAID WAITING HER MISTRESS' ORDERS.

"Nine into seventy-four will go—come it must go six times anyhow—that can't be a tight fit," muttered this youthful student; "perhaps it might go seven times—nine into seventy. There's seven tens in seventy by the by, and one off each of 'em brings seven nines down to sixty-three—and put on another nine brings it up to seventy-two—why that's eight nines, and two over. I hope the man who invented arithmetic came to a bad end; don't you, Naomi?"

"Why, Jim?" asked Naomi, absently.

"Just think of the misery he brought upon mankind. If there was no arithmetic there'd be no ledgers and day-books; and if there was no tradesmen's books nobody could get into debt. That is number one. Then if there was no arithmetic there'd be no usury, for the money-lenders couldn't reckon up their interest. In my opinion, the man who invented figures did as much mischief as Eve when she ate the apple. Why it was numbering the people that got David into trouble, if you remember. The Bible's dead against figures."

"May I come in, please?" asked Oswald, gently.

Young men brought up in remote villages fifty years ago were prone to shyness. They were not gifted with that placid assurance of their own acceptability, and that calm contempt for everybody else, which distinguish the species nowadays.

"Oh!" cried Naomi, with a little start, "it's Mr. Pentreath. Come in, if you please, sir; father will be so glad you're better."

"Except for a headache I feel as well as ever I felt in my life, Miss Haggard. But for your father I might be lying at the bottom of the sea. I want to thank him for his goodness."

"I don't think father would like to be thanked," said Naomi. "He looks upon all that happened as the work of Providence—but if you wish to speak to him," she went on, hesitating a little, "he'll be coming in to prayers and supper presently, and I've no doubt he'll be pleased to see you."

Oswald went over to the window and looked at the stocks, and at the prospect, which afforded a peep at the bay, beyond the angle of a garden on the hill-side. Opposite the minister's house there was some open ground, with a running stream between two roads which made a fork at the entrance to the town.

At the angle of the fork stood the chief inn of Combhollow, the First and Last, where the coaches stopped, and where any sojourner of distinction—a black swan, which appeared about once in five years—was wont to take up his abode. This hostelry was supposed to be the first house the traveller beheld on arriving at Combhollow, the last on which his longing eye lingered when departing.

Oswald looked at the glimpse of sea yonder, dim in the evening gray—the air was curiously calm and balmy after the tempest—and then his eyes wandered to the face on the other side of the window. It was not quite unfamiliar to him. He had met Naomi Haggard walking with her father and her brother many a time on summer Sunday evenings after chapel, and had admired the darkly handsome face in which Combhollow saw so little beauty.

For Mr. Pentreath Naomi's face had a greater interest than the fresh-complexioned, buxom prettiness which prevailed among the daughters of the soil. This girl had a foreign look, he fancied, like a wanderer from a warmer, brighter land, and he was not surprised to learn by and by that Joshua had Spanish blood in his veins, and that if destiny had not made him a disciple of Wesley, and a Quietist of the William Law pattern, he might have been a follower of Loyola in the land of his forefathers.

Sally came in presently with a pair of mould-candles in tall brass candlesticks, and a snuffer-tray, and having set these on the sideboard, began to lay the cloth. Supper was a formal meal in the minister's household, though it consisted generally of bread and cheese, or at most a cold joint.

A fragment of fruit pie or pasty was a thing for Jim to rejoice about, so rarely were his sensual appetites so much indulged. In Joshua's creed temperance and sobriety meant a complete renunciation of the pleasures of the table. He ate just enough to maintain him in health and vigor, and his food was of the plainest.

To murmur because a joint was overcooked or undercooked, tough or tasteless—to sigh for savory sauces or appetizing condiments—to eat for the mere gratification of the senses after absolute hunger was satisfied, would have been, in Joshua's eyes, an indulgence of the fleshly lusts, and a sinful unthankfulness for the blessing of plenty. All such weakness of the flesh came under the head of Esau's shameful barter. The big, strong man, prosperous, secure of income, sat down to as plainly furnished a table as if he had been a convict on goal allowance, or a pauper in a workhouse.

Judith fell easily into her brother's way of thinking. He gratified his self-denial, she her economy, which was a virtue she carried to the verge of vice, and every one except Jim was satisfied. There was plenty of this plain fare—no one need go hungry—and the hirelings of the household, seeing that they came no worse off than that good man their master, were never known to murmur.

Naomi and Mr. Pentreath contemplated the stocks and mignonette in silence while Sally set the big home-baked loaf and liberal wedge of cheese on the table. They were silent simply because they had nothing to say to each other. They could not burst into lively conversation about the Royal Academy, or the evening parades at the Botanical, the school of cookery, or the last new skating-rink, like a young man and woman of the present day. They could not talk about hunting, for Naomi had never been on horseback in her life; or of theatres, for she hardly knew the meaning of the word; or of books, for their reading, limited in each case, lay so far apart.

James, who was not given to shyness, came to their relief just as the silence was growing oppressive. He had finished his sum to his own satisfaction, though whether the results he had arrived at would satisfy his father was an open question.

"I'm sorry you've lost the Dolphin," he began, swaggering across to the window with his hands in his trousers-pockets; "she was a stunning little craft. I've often wished myself aboard her."

"She was the best I could get," answered Oswald.

"Ah, but now you'll be getting a better one, I'll warrant?"

"Not much chance of that. I had hark work to get that one."

"What a shame! and the Squire so rich. He is rich, isn't he?"

"Jim!" cried Naomi, reproachfully.

"I have never asked him the question," replied Oswald. "It suits his humor to call himself poor, and whether the poverty is real or imaginary, I have to bear the brunt of it. It drove Arnold off to sea, but I suppose I haven't as much spirit as my brother. I dawdle about here and contrive to rub on somehow."

This was quite a burst of confidence for Oswald Pentreath, who rarely opened his mind to any one in Combhollow. He lived like some small mediæval lord among his vassals, and only conversed with them upon the indispensable questions of daily life.

Naomi looked up at him earnestly, full of sympathy and wonder.

"Wouldn't you like to be a soldier or a sailor?" she asked.

"I have never felt myself tempted that way."

"I think I should, if I were a man, I should be so tired of Combhollow."

"It isn't the liveliest place in the world, certainly—out of the hunting season."

"And I should so long to go far away into strange countries—to India, for instance."

"To die among cobras and blackamoors," said Oswald.

"Father has read to us about the missionaries in India. I should like to be a female missionary."

"And to be strangled by a Thug, or eaten by some backsliding cannibal, or to be sacrificed to the god of the Khonds," said Oswald. "What a destiny for a young woman to sigh for!"

"I might do those poor heathens some good—and I should see the palm trees, and the mountains that touch the sky, and the temples, and elephants, and jungles, and palanquins."

"And tigers, and rattlesnakes, and mosquitoes, and upas-trees," added Jim. "What a mixture! I should have thought you had enough preaching at home, Naomi, without wanting to go and preach to the blackamoors."

Naomi sighed. She was a young woman of energetic temperament, and her energies were beginning to feel cramped by the narrow bounds of Combhollow. The events of to-day had perhaps unduly excited her, and she was inclined to speak of half formed dreams and hopes that she would have shrunk from telling in a calmer mood.

"There can never be too much of what is really good," she said, with a reproving look at Jim.

Joshua and his sister came in at this moment, their evening's labor finished. Oswald went straight up to his preserver and shook him by the hand.

"I feel how much I owe you, Mr. Haggard," he said. "I only wish you had saved a better life, or that I had better opportunities for proving my gratitude."

"I desire no gratitude, Mr. Pentreath, for I did no more than my bounden duty—but if you'll try to prove that I saved a good life, and not a bad one, I shall be doubly rewarded."

"Ah!" sighed Oswald, "I am afraid your idea of a good life and mine would never match. I don't think I have any particular leaning to wickedness, but I don't feel any strong pull the other way."

"Without that strong pull, as you call it, Mr. Pentreath, there is not much chance for a man."

"I'm not going to intrude upon you any longer, Mr. Haggard, if you'll allow me to take my borrowed clothes home with me. I'll see they're sent back to-morrow morning."

"You are heartily welcome."

"And they're a suit he's left off wearing," said Judith, "so you needn't make yourself unhappy about them. But I always mend 'em and put 'em away tidy. What's worth keeping at all is worth keeping decently. That's my idea."

"Good-night, Mr. Haggard," said Oswald, holding out his hand again.

"Nay, you'll not leave us till you've eaten a bit of supper," remonstrated Judith, who, despite her dislike to the name of Pentreath, objected to see this young man depart hungry. "Our table's about the plainest in Combhollow, I daresay; but what we have is good; and if it's not what you are accustomed to at home——"

"We are not epicures at the Grange, Miss Haggard," replied Oswald, "and I shall be glad to take a crust of bread-and-cheese with you before I go."

Oswald did not know that by this acceptance of hospitality he had involved himself in the minister's evening prayer, and was a little surprised to see the shopman, the errand-boy, and the maid-of-all-work come in and take their seats against the parlor-wall, with solemn countenances and newly-washed hands, while Joshua stood up, with his pocket Bible open in his hand, looking through the pages thoughtfully, as if seeking an appropriate chapter for the evening's meditation.

He began with the thirtieth psalm: "I will extol Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me"—a cry of a grateful sinner, trustful, and even glad, yet with deepest sense of his feebleness. And then he went on to the thirty-third: "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright." And when he had read these he preached a short sermon, taking gratitude for his text; and without being absolutely personal, reminded Oswald how deep a debt he owed his Creator and Preserver for the work of this day.

It lasted nearly an hour; and the clock was striking ten when the family and their guest sat down to supper—the shopman at his master's table, the servant-girl and errand-boy at a smaller table by the door—a curiously primitive arrangement, at which the young squire smiled, and of which Naomi felt ashamed this evening for the first time.

Mr. Pentreath, who had eaten nothing since he breakfasted at Clovelly, did ample justice to the simple fare, praised the home-baked bread and the home-brewed ale, much to the satisfaction of Judith Haggard, who was chief agent in the manufacture of both. Joshua was always cheerful and pleasant at supper-time. It was the one hour in which he unbent the bow. The duties of the day, spiritual and temporal, were done; he could afford to enjoy life's innocent pleasures. The society of his children, a little chat with Judith about the day's takings and the steady improvement of the business, how fast that last chest of tea was going off, and what a run there had been on Dutch cheeses and Manchester printed goods lately.

To-night Joshua avoided all business talk; he and Mr. Pentreath discussed the prospects of Combhollow, which was supposed to be making rapid strides in the march of improvement.

"If anybody would work our mines we might get on faster than we do," said Joshua; "but while there's no trade in the place but fishing, and a little boat-building, we can't expect much expansion. I sometimes wonder that the Squire does not set one of those old tin mines on his estate going."

"He believes the lode exhausted, and he doesn't care about risk," answered Oswald. "If a company would take to the mines, I daresay he'd be very glad."

"But if the mines are exhausted a company would only lose money. It would be as bad for the shareholders as for your father."

"So it would, I daresay," replied Oswald; "but I don't suppose my father sees it in that light."

Supper was over by this time, and the young man took his leave with reiterated thanks, and a shyly-expressed hope that his acquaintance with Mr. Haggard and his family might not end here.

"I'm afraid there would be neither profit nor pleasure to any of us in its continuance, Mr. Pentreath," answered Joshua. "It's civil in you to wish it; but you see we are only tradespeople, in a humble way of life, and you are a gentleman's son, with large expectations. What can there be in common between us?"

"Friendship," said Oswald, boldly. "I don't think that is measured by social standing. If I can respect a man, he is more than my equal, for I should hardly do that unless I thought him better than myself; and I do most assuredly respect you, Mr. Haggard."

"You are free and welcome to come here whenever you please," answered Joshua. "I am not going to shut my door in your face. But I'm afraid if you were known to come often, Combhollow would begin to talk about it, and say you were forgetting yourself."

"A fig for Combhollow and its petty distinctions. I have not so many friends in this God-forsaken place that I can afford to sacrifice a good one."

"God-forsaken!" repeated Joshua, horrified. "Do you think for a moment that we are farther from His care because we live off life's busier highways?"

"Oh, of course not. It's only a way of speaking. Once more good-night. I shall tell my father how much I owe you; and I shall drop in sometimes of an evening, Mr. Haggard, since you've promised not to shut your door upon me."

"A very civil-spoken young man," said Aunt Judith, approvingly, directly Oswald was gone. "I shouldn't have expected a Pentreath to be so mannerly, considering the way they've been brought up. What do you think of him, Joshua?"

"A good-natured youth, but a weak one. An ash sapling, to be bent by any wind; not an oak, to stand firm against the storm."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNSEEN.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

There are more things in heaven and earth than we
Can dream of, or than nature understands;
We learn not through our poor philosophy
What hidden chords are touched by unseen hands.

The present hour repeats upon its strings
Echoes of some vague dream we have forgot;
Dim voices whisper half-remembered things.
And when we pause to listen—answer, not.

Forebodings come; we know not how or whence,
Shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul,
And stir within our hearts a subtle sense
Than light may read, or wisdom may control.

And who can tell what secret links of thought
Bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are heard,
As if within our deepest selves was brought
The soul, perhaps, of some unuttered word.

But, though a veil of shadow hangs between
That hidden life and what we see and hear,
Let us revere the power of the Unseen,
And know a world of mystery is near.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 37, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT THE FISHERMEN FOUND.

The intense excitement produced in the town by the event narrated in our last chapter may well be imagined. And not in the town only. It extended, in magnifying waves of interest and excitement, through all the country round, gradually losing in force as it spread in distance.

The story of the Dover mystery had gone far over the land on the swift wings of the newspapers, and had aroused curiosity and wonder in towns and cities so distant that the people wondered where Dover was, and declared that they had never heard of such a place.

But the excited utterance of the messenger of this startling tidings had lacked certain necessary details. These followed the first report in a second wave of public interest.

It appeared that some fishermen, engaged on a crusade against the finny inhabitants of the creek, had brought up on their hooks a shred of gray clothing.

The spot was a half mile below where the handkerchief had been found, a place where the water ran with a sudden turn, narrow and deep, between two rocky banks.

These persons belonged to Dover, and had already taken part in the efforts to discover the supposed dead body beneath the waters.

This shred, then, had a deep significance to them. It had been rotted as well by long wear as by the water, and seemed to have been torn, by the hook, from some garment.

Grappling-irons were procured, and the spot where the hook had caught was thoroughly dragged. It was a terrible species of fishing under that bright noon-day sun, and one which the light-hearted fishers had never dreamed of engaging in.

Their task proved no difficult one; the irons soon caught, and a heavy weight was dragged slowly and laboriously to the surface.

With startled eyes, they behold the secret of the waters emerge in the hoped-for yet dreaded outlines of a human form.

The body of a dead man was lifted from the water and laid in the bottom of the boat.

A glance satisfied them as to whose body it was. They all recognized the gray clothes, the short sack coat, the blue necktie, and the broad-pleated shirt that had been worn by George Downey. The feet and head were bare. The loss of his cap was already accounted for, but there was no trace of the boots that he had worn.

Around the neck was tied a short rope, to which was affixed a heavy stone, apparently for the purpose of keeping the body sunk in the water.

Beyond these points, there was nothing by which it could have been identified. The features were mutilated beyond recognition, and the flesh of the body partly destroyed by carnivorous fishes. There had been nothing peculiar in Downey's build by which his body could be easily recognized. He had been of middle size and well-proportioned—similar, in fact, in size and general shape to Mr. Browning, and from the appearance of the body alone, no one could have declared to which of the missing men it appertained. The clothes alone served as evidence in the matter, proving, to the satisfaction of the discoverers, that it was the body of George Downey they had brought up from its grave beneath the waters.

In the breast and through the heart, were traces of a clear, deep cut, evidently a stab by a sharp, long-bladed knife.

The body was brought to Dover and viewed by the authorities of the town, and by such others as had a taste for the horrible. It was finally interred in the village cemetery.

It was generally admitted that George Downey had come to his death by the hand of an assassin. It was even darkly whispered by some, boldly spoken by others, that William Browning had been the chief or only agent in this murder.

The quarrel that he had had with the operator in his office was recalled; the threats that had passed between them; the letter which Downey had written him, and the fact that he had gone armed and angrily to the place which the operator had appointed, and where the murder had been committed.

The third person seen with Downey might have been a mere passer who had stopped to speak with him, or might have been an agent in the murder.

At all events, it seemed evident that William Browning had slain his enemy, had disposed of his body where found, and had fled—either through remorse, or fear of discovery.

It was the duty of the authorities to use every effort for his arrest, and to send his description to the police of the principal cities, both in this country and abroad, with directions to be on the lookout for him.

It was also privately determined to watch his residence closely, since he might be concealed in the vicinity, and be in communication with his family.

Yet there were some of the people who were not willing to take this view of the case.

William Browning had been hot-blooded and haughty, no doubt, but he had always been considered a just and conscientious man—not the person to commit murder on such slight provocation.

Again, a murder following so soon upon the provocation, could not well have been assisted by an accomplice. Secondary agents are only employed in deliberate and cold-blooded assassinations.

Thirdly, there was only the clothes to prove that the body was that of Downey. The body itself as closely resembled that of Mr. Browning. Might not the clothes have been changed?

Again, the evidence of Joseph Sedley and of the countryman were being ignored. The latter had seen a struggle at the carriage, which was confirmed by the marks in the mud. The former had seen the face of George Downey in the carriage. It is true he had appeared of a deathly pallor, and might have been then dead and being conveyed in this manner to the point where found.

Yet Melton lay south of this point, and his being removed from the boat and placed in a carriage for such a purpose seemed highly incredible. Moreover the struggle remained unexplained.

The class of people who took this view, while a minority in numbers, were a majority in intelligence of the townsfolk. They held it as by no means proved that Downey had been the murdered man.

But the settled fact that a murder had really taken place was a feature in the case of the utmost importance. It had, until now, been a matter of some doubt. This doubt had been satisfactorily though terribly laid.

Any lingering belief which some might have cherished of Lovelace's complicity in the matter was finally ended by the action of Detective Fogg. He, with an officer's persistency in his theory of a case, had been slightly vexed by the triumphant acquittal of his prisoner.

He was of the opinion still, that the public and the Squire might have been too hasty in their judgment. He took the opportunity, while the body was displayed, to try Lovelace's knife in the wound by which death had been caused.

The result cleared Lovelace—even in his mind—of all complicity. The cut had been made by a blade not more than half the width of his.

While these discoveries were being made and announced, and while the authorities of the town were sending far and wide the news of what they had learned, and the description of the person of the supposed fugitive, and taking such further measures as were deemed advisable, Lovelace was enjoying his freedom with a zest he had not known before he had learned the torture of imprisonment.

He had plenty of energy in his disposition when occasion called it forth, but there was a vein of indolence running through him which was apt to show itself on all occasions in which idleness became admissible.

And when should a person yield to the imperious demands of indolence if not in these grand, lazy June days, with their flooding wealth of golden sunlight, and the sheen of crimson roses and of climbing and creeping wild flowers rendering the earth a palace of beauty, and the air a fragrance and a delight?

The foot of the freed prisoner wandered far through the summer fields. He was one of Nature's own, finding joy in the play of light and shade beneath the leaves, in the carol of a bird in the green thickets, in the flash of a wing, or the sparkle of a stream, where the sunlight peered into the gloom of wooded glens.

As well he loved broad reaches of verdant scenery, narrow, shining vistas walled in by trees, a blue violet glancing coyly up from its green nest, or the whisper of soft winds in the rustling wealth of the woodland.

He was a child of nature, spoiled and perverted by rude contact with man. Crossed and misunderstood in his youth, forced to struggle with the keen deceit of the world in his manhood, his had been a severe school.

Yet through it all he had retained his instinctive love for nature, and that habit of varied industry and idleness which was his in common with the bird and the squirrel, and all the joyous inmates of the woods.

Hour by hour then, would he lie on a green slope, with the sparkle and trill of flowing water before him, and the birds flying heedlessly above him, or carolling on low boughs almost within his reach.

The ants crawled in their undeviating journeys over his outstretched hands, the bees buzzed in the honeysuckle cups by his ears, the glowing butterfly would settle on his tossed hair—all nature heedless and fearless of him.

And floods of wild fancies and day-dreams innumerable trooped through his brain as thus he lay in sheer indolence. And among them all would come up a figure which had never before intruded into his dreams, a feeling which had as yet been alien to his untamed nature.

It was the form of a maiden, with the beauty and grace of fabled Atlanta, the fearless innocence of the wood nymph of old when first gazing upon a mortal's face.

He tried to drive this image from his brain, and accused himself of a folly unbefitting a man of his experience of the fair and fickle sex. But some thoughts avenge themselves upon our disdain by returning more imperiously after every repulse; some images, like certain flowers, bloom again the fresher for being trodden under foot.

There was an indefinable charm in the innocent and confiding manner of Mary Browning which, though without effect upon his mind at first, was now beginning to assert its strength, and he found himself wondering what there was in the woman that kept her in his mind at such needless times, and in such a new manner.

His wandering feet took frequently the path by the creek which had been the scene of their former meetings. He lingered hours idly by the water-side, without even the angler's excuse for indolence.

But she came not. He fished in vain with a mental rod of unshaped wishes and but half-conscious desires. The summer days swooned and flashed on, but it was to him all lifeless beauty and glow; it lacked a charm whose nature he could hardly define, though wishing vaguely for a certain absent form to give tone to the June landscape.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAYING OUT A CASE.

It was saddening, the change which a few weeks had wrought in the once happy home at Vinedell. The disappearance of Mr. Browning, the dreadful suspicion that he had been murdered, and now the darker suspicion that he himself had been the murderer, settled like a gloomy shadow upon the house, and banished every trace of joy from its fair precincts.

The change from their kind-hearted master to a new lord of the manor, whom, in spite of his softness of demeanor, no one quite fancied, and the sudden and terrible misfortune that had come upon this new ruler, added doubly to the gloom which had entered through the flower-laden portals of the Vinedell mansion.

It was the first great sorrow that had come to the young heart of Mary Browning, a sorrow that was allied with fear and horror, a sorrow without a hope.

The face that had known but smiles was now too frequently wet with the dew of tears, and her every effort at cheerfulness wrought with a pain that would not be subdued.

The acquittal of Lovelace had given one warm thrill of pleasure to her sad heart. She had felt, with the undoubting faith of youth, that he was innocent of the dark crime charged against him, and was only sorry now that she had not visited and cheered him in his prison.

But now that he was a free man once more she carefully avoided the paths on which they had formerly met. Why, she could not have told. She had never felt just so toward any human being before. She taught herself that the gush of joy she had felt on hearing of his release was treason to the sorrow to which she deemed herself devoted. Grief had become her lot in life, and the intensity of her heart-pain was deepened for this momentary relapse into joy.

Thus it was that his efforts to meet her had been unsuccessful, though he haunted the spots invested with a new charm to him from the memory of their meetings.

Lovelace laughed a cynical laugh to himself as he trod the road toward Vinedell one of these rare June mornings. What ailed him, he asked himself, that he should think twice of a girl, he who had laughed love to scorn, and made a mock of it upon the stage?

What was this woman to him, with her milky face and childish manner, he who had run the gauntlet of the fair and brown beauties of a dozen cities?

Nothing, surely. It was sheer idleness that was befooling him, and filling his mind with a girl's face for lack of better nutriment.

He would make another effort to recover his lost papers. If he failed in this, was there not the stage, better than any fortune in money, the wide world, better than to be tied to a few fixed acres, the great realm of society, better than any girl's face?

If the papers were lost, let them go. He could not prove his identity to the satisfaction of a court without them, and the fortune that he craved here lay in the world abroad, awaiting a master with the strong hand and the firm heart to grasp it and make it his own.

Mr. Benton seemed destined to be a confirmed paralytic, otherwise he was well. His brain was clear as of old. He had the full use of his arms. All his organs kept their healthy action, but his lower limbs were lifeless. The muscles refused to contract, the nerves to command.

He sat the day long in a great arm-chair in the room he had chosen as his office. At night he had to be carried to bed, in the morning to be replaced in his comfortable arm-chair, with its cushioned seat and arms.

The authorities of the town had confirmed him in his temporary guardianship over the estate and the heiress of Vinedell.

From the chair in his office he ruled all the details of the estate with a rod, outwardly of silk, inwardly of iron. There was nothing that went on with which he did not become, in some undivulged manner, acquainted, and the servant who dared to neglect his smoothly given request was sure to feel the iron under the silk.

It was with a gesture of surprise that he heard the announcement of Lovelace's visit, and saw the form of the person with whom he had held so unsatisfactory an interview a week or two before.

The unwelcome visitor walked in with his usual nonchalance and independence of manner. He looked, with more curiosity than concern, at the crippled condition of the man whom he had last seen in his full strength.

With his present feelings toward Mr. Benton, he felt little or no sympathy for him, though his paralyzed limbs hung down in apparent lifelessness.

Helping himself to a chair, without waiting for the tardy invitation, the visitor seated himself in his usual indolent fashion, and faced his host.

"Well, sir?" asked the host, in a cool, questioning tone.

"You remember me, I suppose?" said Lovelace.

"Yes; you are the person who figured a few days ago as John M. Loring," replied Mr. Benton.

"Exactly," drawled out the visitor, "and who wishes to figure here as John M. Lovelace."

"You are used to playing parts, I believe," said the host. "A stage education is very convenient sometimes. Can I be of any service to you to-day?"

"I hope so," replied Lovelace, in a tone full of significance. "I hope you have had better success in the search for my lost papers, and that you are ready to inform me to-day that you have recovered them, and are happy to return them."

"Unfortunately, luck has not so far favored me," was the reply. "I have had thorough search made of all the drawers and receptacles where Mr. Browning would, in any probability, have placed papers. No such documents as those you mention have come to light."

"I am obliged to you for the thoroughness of your search," answered Lovelace, quietly. "In doing so let me hope that you did not overlook the drawer of a desk in the library, that seemed rather well stocked with papers."

Benton bore without flinching the keen glance with which these words were accompanied.

"The drawer was searched," he replied. "It contained nothing of yours."

"What is your theory, then, in relation to this claim of mine?" asked Lovelace, tilting his chair lazily back.

"I have no theory."

"Your opinion, then? Either Mr. Browning took them away with him, and they were lost when he was lost, or I am an impostor. To which of these opinions do you incline?"

"To the latter," answered Benton, with a look of undisguised hostility, and laying his hand on the bell-rope that hung beside him, as if he feared a personal attack from his visitor.

Lovelace laughed at the plain answer, and at the movement of his host.

"Ring, sir," he said; "I wish to have you call a servant."

As Mr. Benton showed no intention to do so, the visitor himself coolly extended his arm and pulled the bell-cord.

Silence fell between them while waiting the approach of the servant. The crippled man looked at his eccentric visitor with an expression that had in it both surprise and hidden fear.

"Ask Miss Browning," said Lovelace to the entering servant, "if she will be kind enough to come to the office for a few minutes. If engaged at present, ten or fifteen minutes from now will be time enough."

"For what purpose do you wish her?" asked the surprised host, after the servant had left the room.

"For one answer to one question, nothing more," replied Lovelace. "So you think me an impostor?"

Benton made no answer.

"I have been lately thought guilty of a deeper crime than imposture," continued the visitor. "Yet the good people of Dover have kindly concluded that I am not a murderer. I hope to be able to convince you that I am not even an impostor."

"I am open to conviction," replied Benton, in an uncertain tone. He evidently was at a loss how to deport himself toward this strange man. "You say you have no evidence beyond certain documents, which nobody appears to have seen, and which are not forthcoming. I would be glad to know how you are going to establish this claim?"

"Have you heard the story of my trial before Squire Manderfield?"

"I have."

"It was all cloud for me at the start, if you remember, all sunshine at the close."

"Very true."

"May not some similar favorable evidence turn up unexpectedly in the present case?"

"Why if maybes were proofs, there is no doubt you could make out a shining case," said Benton, in a tone of mockery. "But maybe is not accepted in court as evidence."

"Many a man has been hung on a maybe," retorted Lovelace. "Probabilities sometimes lead to proofs when least looked for. In the case in which I had the good or ill fortune to be tried, there came out several of these significant uncertainties, which only need to be joined together by a connecting link to make them a chain fit to hang a man. Let me repeat them."

The servant opened the door to announce that Miss Browning would be there in a few minutes. He was answered by Lovelace with a "Very well," to the manifest annoyance of Mr. Benton.

"Foot-tracks, you know, if followed up, must lead to the man who made them," said the visitor, twisting his chair around so as to directly face the paralytic host.

"No doubt, if they can be followed," replied the latter, carelessly.

"Well, we have several of the steps," said Lovelace, fixing his eyes intently upon those of Mr. Benton. "We only need to find the man who made them. In the first place, we wish to find a person who wears a boot of a certain width, and a known depth and size of heel."

"Very well," said Benton, returning his look without flinching. "What next?"

"Next, a man who writes the letters J. L. in a certain known manner."

"And what thirdly?"

"A person who wears a diamond on his left hand, either in a ring or in a sleeve-button."

"Fourthly?" asked Benton, in a light, careless tone.

"A person who was familiar with George Downey, and who had an interest in the death of William Browning."

"But George Downey was the murdered man!" cried Benton, with a slight start of surprise.

"I am sorry to find a man in your position thinking so ill of your relative," said Lovelace, coolly. "He was either the murdered or the murderer. I prefer the former alternative."

"Was not Downey's body found?"

"A body in Downey's clothes, I admit. But to proceed with my category. We wish to find the man who was keen enough to steal a knife from the pocket of your humble servant, and shrewd enough to anoint it with chicken blood, out of no good will to said individual."

His glance grew even more intent and significant. Benton's eye fell before this stern regard; otherwise his face retained its calm expression.

"Well, sir," he said, as if slightly annoyed, "are there many more heads to your discourse, or are you done?"

"Next, we would be glad to know the person who hired a certain carriage on the night of the murder, and also the individual who purchased a handkerchief now in possession of the authorities. If we can combine these many individuals into one it seems to me that one individual will need to do some shrewd explaining."

Benton shifted his body uneasily. He used his hands to place himself in a more comfortable position.

"A very striking array of evidence," he remarked, placidly. "It has, however, the defect of being all circumstantial, and all these circumstances might well belong to an innocent man. There are many handkerchiefs of one pattern, many carriages hired in one day, many diamonds worn, many boot heels of one size."

"But not many knives marked in one way and stolen out of one man's pocket," said Lovelace, in a sterner tone than he had yet used. "Not many persons with an interest in conspiring to convict an innocent man of murder in order to get control of his property. Not many men with the opportunity and the desire to make away with documents establishing the claim of one John Milton Lovelace."

His glance was so stern and accusing that Benton could no longer ignore its plain purport. He colored up and again shifted himself on his seat, as if with an inclination to rise, in forgetfulness of his lifeless limbs.

"This is the second time you have made such hints in reference to me," he said, his voice full of suppressed passion. "It is not good policy, my friend, to make charges which you cannot prove. It is easier to make than to break enemies."

"The third time I make the charge there will be a t end to this farce," said Lovelace, sternly. "Unless my papers are forthcoming, to occupy my mind with other matters. I think I will devote my leisure time at Dover to investigating this curious murder. It is true there is a detective officer engaged at it. But his name is Fogg; and his name expresses him. If I take it in hand some man will hang."

Mr. Benton turned visibly pale as these words were spoken in a calm but resolute voice, and as a pair of eyes full of fire and energy were bent upon his face.

His change of color might have been from physical pain from his constrained position, or it might have been mental in its source. He spoke not.

In fact, ere he could have spoken, the door opposite him opened and Mary Browning appeared.

On seeing the person who sat in front of her uncle, and with his back towards her, she started and a flush of warm color shot over her pale face.

Benton noticed this with surprise, and with an expression of some deeper feeling.

He noted also the quick turn of his visitor, and the momentary flash of pleased recognition that shot from his eyes.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you, Miss Browning," said Lovelace, rising from the somewhat ungraceful position he had assumed in his earnestness. "But I wished to ask you a single question."

"I will be happy to answer you, sir, to any extent in my power."

She came forward in a graceful manner and took the seat he offered.

"Excuse me if I am obliged to recall distressing recollections to your mind," he said. "I wish to ask you if your father mentioned my visit to him on the day of his disappearance."

"He did," she replied, in a voice that shook with emotion, though she strove to be calm. "He spoke in such a manner that I could see that he was satisfied of your identity. It was this that induced me to go out in search of you."

"Did he mention my leaving a parcel of papers with him?"

"Yes. He had not examined them, but told me that he had laid them in the desk drawer in his library till he should have time."

"Did he have any other visitors that afternoon?"

"Mr. Benton called on him. He can confirm this himself," she said, turning to her uncle.

Lovelace had kept a sidewise glance on Benton's face during these questions. More than one feeling had been displayed upon it. Among these was one that seemed to have in it the mingled sentiments of desperation and revenge.

"I called on him," he said, curtly. "Have you anything further to say?"

"Nothing. I would advise you to consider well the remark I made before Miss Browning entered. You may find it advantageous to your health. I can be a good friend, Mr. Benton. I may prove a dangerous foe. It is for you to choose which you prefer to have me. Allow me to bid you good-day. And you, Miss Browning."

There was courtly grace in the bow he made the lady as he retired from the room.

She rose and turned with a look of pained doubt to her uncle.

"Do you wish me any further?" she asked.

A quick flush crossed his face at the sound of her voice. There was something in it which he could not fathom, something which she herself, perhaps, was not aware of.

"No," he replied, his voice thickened and hoarse.

She turned, and quietly left the room.

Hardly had she disappeared through the door by which she had entered, ere the constrained calm of his face changed to a look of revengeful passion, fearful in its intensity.

"Beware!" he hissed. "Man and woman beware! I, too, may prove an unsafe foe. Fool! he has played his hand. Does he think a crippled snake cannot sting?"

Reaching his hand to the bell-rope he gave it a sharp pull, that partly expressed the rage that burned within him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Most precepts of parents and teachers are lost sight of at the very time when it is important to observe them—as the label, "Shut the door," is invisible when it is open widest and thrown back against the wall.

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will be always filled with the latest and most authentic news and illustrations. The Post is the only paper in the country making a specialty of Centennial News. As soon as the Exhibition opens, we shall give each week the fullest details, making during the year a complete history of the Grandest World's Fair that has ever taken place.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Killing frosts usually occur after rains. If on the second day after a rain the wind veers about to the north or northerly, then get ready.

Good Average.—Mr. James Cale, of Posey County, Ind., lately sold 80 head of Poland China hogs, in one lot, that averaged 512 pounds net.

If possible, transplant upon fresh plowed land before the surface is dry. Generally roots are struck quicker without watering than upon other land with it.

Make use of mild days for pruning grape vines which were left during the hurry of the fall work, and apply ashes or ground bones between the rows. Save the wood for cuttings.

Have ready labels, grafting wax, etc., for use in the spring. Strips of calico or thin muslin loosely rolled upon a stick and dipped in melted grafting wax are the most convenient forms in which to use the wax.

If any family will, for a season, keep an account of the value of the products used from their garden, at the price at which they are furnished at the nearest grocery, they will certainly be astonished at the amount they have saved, aside from their increased freshness and quality.

Grapes cannot be grown from single leaves but the young growth, when taken from vines grown under glass, can be made to root very readily. The proper method is from single eyes on bottom heat, or in the open ground. Layering is also employed when the number of young plants desired is limited.

Seed sown in late May or June should be sown somewhat deep in anticipation of the weather. Late beets and mangel wurzel for main crop are quite generally sown too shallow. The thick crust including the germ needs considerable moisture to burst freely upon the growth of the sprout.

The present is a good time to prune such trees as need it, as the shape and general direction of the branches is readily seen now that the leaves are off. Where the branches touch, and the bark is injured by rubbing, one of the branches should be cut out, or the two may be spread and tied so that they will not interfere.

The ovarium of a hen contains about 600 ovulas, and hence in the course of her life she can not lay over that number of eggs. The first year she lay from 15 to 20; the second, 100 to 120; the third, 120 to 135; fourth, 110 to 115; fifth, 60 to 80; sixth, 50 to 60; seventh, 35 to 40; eighth, 15 to 25; ninth, 1 to 10. From this it will be seen that it is not profitable to keep a hen after she is four years old.

It is not well to prune vines or trees just at the time the sap begins to flow the most rapidly in spring, because it is likely to issue from the wounds, discoloring the bark below, and making the plants look unsightly, even if no further injury follows. But if trees or vines are pruned early enough to ensure a good frosting of the wounds for a few nights before the sap begins to flow, there will be little danger of what is usually termed bleeding.

Winter Churning.—A practical dairyman sends the following about rendering winter churning easy: Strain the milk into pans and set them on a pot of boiling water on the stove. Heat the milk quite hot, but not so as to scald. Set away the pans, and in 36 hours thick cream will have formed. At each skimming stir the cream well together, and, when enough for a churning has accumulated, take care in cold weather, to have the chill taken off the cream. Then scald the churn, put in the cream and churn gently; and if the butter does not come in less than ten minutes, you may judge that your cream is too cold.

High Manuring.—We believe in high manuring; that every acre cultivated should be made richer year by year. The reverse has been true in our country, and to our shame be it said. Many farmers have pursued the plan of getting all they could from the land, and returning as little as possible to it. Farms in this way have naturally become exhausted, and then they have been abandoned for newer and richer lands in the West, where the same disastrous policy can be carried on. It is easy to see where this course will land us as a nation in due time. It is said, and we think with truth, that there is no nation under the sun so wasteful as ours. This wasteful tendency is seen upon the farm as well as in the city. Those who like to call themselves pretty good farmers, yearly allow great waste to take place in the manure that ought to be saved and be applied to their farms. They are left out in the open yard, exposed to sun, winds and rains, or carted out to the field, and subjected to the same process. Most farmers fail to secure and utilize the liquid excrement of their cattle, and allow much valuable matter to go to waste in this way. Let us all bear in mind that the soil needs and must receive, fertilizing matter in some form and plenty of it to give the best results.

Garden Walks.—In starting to lay out and put to rights a new place, either in the town or country, one of the first steps to be taken is to plan for serviceable garden walks. These should be constructed in such a way that they are always free from mud or stagnant water, no matter how much rain may fall in a given time, or what the condition of the weather may be at any season of the year. To attain these ends, thorough drainage is imperative. The cheapest and best way to do this is to dig out the soil the width of the walk, and to a depth of about two and a half feet. At this depth begin by laying a foundation layer of large stones, fitted closely together. A second layer, smaller in size, should follow the first, and so on, having each succeeding layer of stones smaller in size than the preceding one, until the space is filled nearly level with the surrounding surface. A top coating of coarse cinders, and these covered with a few inches in depth of gravel and fine sand, will complete the job, and will give a substantial walk that will always be dry underfoot. It will improve the walk and the appearance at the same time, if the climbers and the sandion the top are rolled down firmly; and in the course of a week or two, when the material settles, it may be found necessary to add some more gravel and sand, to even the surface.

—*Scribner.*

It is the Business of Everyone Having a Cold, to treat it promptly and properly until it is gotten rid of—Intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

FACETIÆ.

Leap year beverage for single ladies—Pop!

The prevailing wind in Cincinnati is said to be "now-wer-by-gow."

The Jersey mosquitoes expect appetising times out of the juicy foreigners next summer.

Sam asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a spring rose, and the brute said it was, even to the minor attraction of still having a little due on it.

"Frank to me you've got a putty slim fire, Miranda," said a spindling youth the other night, as he sat in front of the fireplace by the side of a buxom young girl who had no earthly use for him.

"Yes, she said, as she wickedly looked at the door behind him, "it's about all you and the fire can do between you to get up a respectable shadow."

A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing.—Mr. Slimpkins—"If you will believe me, sir, at our spelling match last night the first physician of our village actually went down on the word Erysipelas."

Mr Pudkins—"You don't say so! I thought anybody could spell that. E-a-r-ear, r-e-re, e-sh s—well, you see, I only keep a drug store, anyway."

When you see a timid mortal,
Without fixed and certain views,
Hanging on the shirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowing low to wealth and favors,
With uncovered, abject head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be driven or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
Just the stuff that his will lack;
A better word was never heard,
In sense or tone than this—Backbone.

Had a Question.—In one of the union schools, the other day, a teacher departed for half an hour from the usual programme, and asked her scholars such questions as might interest them. After she asked, "What makes the wind blow?" "What causes rain?" "Who invented the locomotive?" and so forth, and helped to explain them, she said:

"Now, children any of you who desire can ask me questions."

No one seemed to think of anything, except a freckled faced boy of about fourteen years old. He raised his hand, and the teacher said:

"Well, Robert, have you a question?"

"Yes, mum. I'd like to know what they mean when they say to a feller, 'Oh, pull down your vest!'"

The teacher had to admit that she was behind the age.

A lone about bed-time the Detroit wife says she'll go to bed, and her husband yawns and goes down the hall. After half an hour he joins her upstairs, and she speedily inquires:

"Did you bolt that side door?"

"Yes."

"And the back door?"

"Yes."

"And you fastened that cellar door?"

"Yes."

"And did you put a brace under the knob of the hall door?"

"Yes."

"Sure that all the windows are nailed down?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet the window in the spare bedroom is up!"

"No, it isn't."

"Did you see if the blinds of the pantry window were fastened?"

"Yes."

"Well, put your revolver on the chair, leave a bright light, and, if you hear a burglar in the room, for heaven's sake don't wake me up, for I know I should scream right out."

The Advantage of It.—The day had been set, and the young man was happy. But his father failed in business, and he collected all the pink love-letters, the lock of hair, the faded violet, etc., and started for her father's mansion. He was high minded and honorable, and he felt in duty bound to release her from the engagement. Yet he grew fairer as he was ushered into the parlor. Such love as his wouldn't stay crushed.

"George! dear George!" she exclaimed as she entered the parlor and seized his hand.

"Arabella, I am here to do my duty," he said, as he rose up.

"What's the matter?" she asked

"Haven't you heard of—of my father's failure?" he inquired, his heart beating painfully.

"Why, yes, dear, and what of it?"

"Aren't you—won't you—that is—"

"I am glad of it, that's all," she cried.

"You are!"

"Of course I am. I was talking with father, and he said if your father failed for $50,000 he'd make at least $30,000 out of it, and, of course, you'll get twice as much as you counted on!"

No Astronomy Taught.—There were seven men and three women in a Jefferson avenue car yesterday, when the seventh man stood up and said:

"The sun is only eighteen miles from the earth, and I can prove it!"

He pulled off his overcoat, flung it down, and continued:

"Is there a man in here who dares say that the moon isn't a bag of saw dust?"

He pushed up his sleeves, danced up and down, and exclaimed:

"I can mash the man who says that this world is round!"

What a shame that seven intelligent citizens should sit there and know better and yet dare not say a word! Indeed, when the stranger reached out for a passenger's nose and asked him if the stars were not pickles glued to the heavens, the passenger cheerfully replied that such was his belief.

The driver, who had never given a thought to astronomy, took the stranger by the neck and ran him out of the car, saying, as he drove on:

"I don't care about the sun nor the moon along's I git paid off every Saturday night."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

REVIEWER.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia:

Miriam's Memoirs. A Sequel to "Montfort Hall," by Mrs. C. A. Warfield, author of "The Household of Bouverie," etc.

This is a story of thrilling interest, and in every way worthy of its predecessor, strong in plot, varied in incident, and absorbing in its character. To those who admire the peculiar style and power of this author, this new story will be welcome.

From W. B. Zieber, Chestnut St., Phila.

Blackwood's Magazine for February.
Westminster Review for January.

Being reprints by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, of these valuable and well known periodicals.

From E. Steiger, Publisher, 22 and 24 Frankfort St., New York.

J. Scheller's' Relief Map of the State of Pennsylvania.

The peculiarity of this Map (which is one of the forerunners of a series comprising the several States of the Union, and the chief cities with their environs) consists in its being *raised* or *embossed*, thus accurately delineating the hills and valleys. This is an excellent method of imparting to young learners a correct idea of the physical geography of the country. This map is tastefully printed in six colors, and presents a clear, true, and pleasing picture of the "Keystone State," and the bordering counties of New York, New Jersey, Dulaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Ohio. Aside from its great value, as an unsurpassed means of education, this *Relief Map* has the advantage of being a real ornament to any room, and its attractiveness may be enhanced by an extra taste in the framing. The low price at which it can be procured places it within the reach of every family, being only $1.00 in plain black walnut frame.

From the National Publishing Company of Philadelphia:

The Centennial History of the United States, from the discovery of the American Continent to the close of the First Century of American Independence, By James D. McCabe, Author of "A Manual of General History," "The Great Republic," etc.

Among the many Centennial Histories which have been, and are being still published, this deserves favorable mention, as presenting in a succinct and comprehensive form the history of our country, covering the whole period from the discovery of the Continent to the present day. It is comprised in one large and handsome volume, of 925 pages, and contains 442 fine engravings on steel and wood. The price is low considering the character of the work, and each subscriber is presented with a handsome lithographic engraving of the Centennial Exhibition Buildings and Grounds.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Pocket Manual of Rules of Order for Deliberative Assemblies, By Major Henry M. Roberts. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

For simplicity, conciseness and adaptation for instant use upon any point of law or order by those who take part in any kind of deliberative assemblies, this little volume will be found superior to any other book of like character. Reference to it will solve many disputed questions of parliamentary law, and save much vexation in conducting the business of societies or ordinary assemblies. It contains a very full index.

WOMAN.

It has been said that to a man uncorrupt and properly constituted, woman always remains a mystery, and we know that she herself desires to be considered a poem. Below we present some of the brightest thoughts of the noblest minds relating to this peculiarly interesting and tender subject:

Kindness in woman and not their beauteous looks shall win my love.—Shakespeare.

Woman is like the reed, which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.—Whately.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.—Landor.

A woman who has never been pretty has never been young.—Madame Swetchine.

Woman do act their part when they do make their ordered houses know them.—Sheridan Knowles.

Most men like in women what is most opposite to their own characters.—Fielding.

She is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.—Burke.

Women have more heart and more imagination than men.—Lamartine.

Women are extreme in all points. They are better or worse than men.—Bruyere.

Extra Liability to Malarial Infection

Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak and liver sluggish, are extra liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure may, under such conditions, infect a system which, if healthy, would resist the miasmatic taint. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in localities where it is prevalent, is to tone and regulate the system by improving weakened digestion, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to biliary secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable safeguard against fever and ague and kindred disorders, as well as the best remedy for them. The Bitters are, moreover, an excellent invigorant of the organs of urination, and an active depurent, eliminating from the blood those acrid impurities which originate rheumatic ailments.

Domestic Felicity.—Everything that can be procured through the agency of love, affection or wealth, is often found in many of our far famed, beautiful and hospitable mansions. Yet this delightful state of things may be marred by the slightest accident, such as the loss of a choice book, the ruin of a rare gem, or that most annoying and painful accident, a severe burn. The odds and lamentation dependent upon the first two are soon hushed as the thought recurs to the fact that they can easily be replaced with money. The third one, however, is the most serious. a thousand and one remedies are proposed, yet none allays the intense pain, nor gives relief to the anguish of mind always incidental to a severe, burn, but which, when healed, the new skin with "contract" and form those disfiguring scars so often seen. The only known remedy for the instant relief of the intense pain and preventative of the "contraction of the skin is Dr. F. J. Griffin & Co.'s Universal Hemorrhoidal, seventy-five cents, and Pyrine twenty-five cents. They should be in every house. Ask your chemist for them, or address with stamp, Dr. F. J. Griffin & Co., No. 114 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Mention this paper.

The Westminster of New York.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unrivalled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

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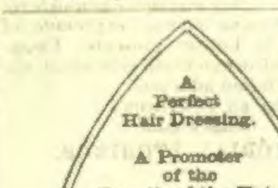

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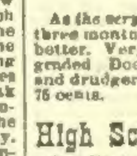

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THE BOUDOIR.

As the days grow milder under the genial influence of the oncoming spring, the necessity arises for lighter wraps than the heavy cloths and seal skin wraps of winter. The change must be gradual however, and March winds being proverbially searching and keen, must be guarded against. The popular wrap for all ages, from the miss of thirteen and upwards, will be the Dolman, without, however, the very pronounced sleeves of the winter Dolman. The choice in color is given to a cream-tinted cloth, which in some instances is embroidered in thick silk twist of a shade lighter, and trimmed with fringe. Some of these Dolmans are simply trimmed with folds of silk, or a row of feather ruching.

Hats and bonnets of chip, and a coarse braided straw, quite yellow in color and of a glossy appearance, are shown among the first importations of spring styles—but as yet it is too early for "openings." Light cream tinted chips are preferred to black and brown, but we doubt not that the universal tint of cream over ribbons, laces, etc., will bring again into favor with the elite the stylish black chips and dark brown that held so marked a sway last summer.

Among pretty toilettes for the house we have seen a morning dress of striped vigogne, white ground with blue stripes. It was made Gabrielle pattern, with a wide piece of silk set on in front commencing from the shoulders and reaching to the bottom of the front. This was edged on each side with a knife pleating of the same, two inches wide, bows of ribbon closed the front from neck to hem. The coat sleeves had wide revers cuffs of silk with double bow of ribbon on the outer seam, and knife pleating of silk falling over the hand. A collarette of silk knife pleating finished the neck, and dainty pockets of silk with bows were placed on each side of the front. A Charlotte Corday cap, of fine sheer muslin, with closely twisted rouleau of blue silk, passed about the crown, was worn with this charming morning dress.

A dress of cashmere, combined with silk, was made in this fashion: The underskirt of silk, plum colored, had a deep flounce edged top and bottom with knife pleatings. The overdress has a long polonaise of plum colored cashmere, edged with knife pleating of silk, and lapped diagonally in front from top to bottom. One side, the left, was looped high by means of five upturned pleats, each pleat held in place by a flat tassel of silk headed by a pocket agraffe. Similar agraffes closed the front, which gave an air of novelty to the garment. A large gathered pocket of silk, with long ends of ribbon falling from it, was suspended low down on the right side by means of heavy silk cords and tassels, caught in two places below the waist with agraffes similar to those on the front of the garment. The sleeves were novel. The inner sleeve was tight fitting and of silk, edged at the wrist with knife pleatings of cashmere. The outer sleeves were of cashmere, long and shaped like those of a Dolman cape. They were lined with thin marceline silk of a shade to correspond with the silk trimming. The back of the polonaise was but slightly draped by means of heavy silk cords, which passed under the bouffant, and were fastened at the back of the waist with two large agraffes. A cream tinted felt, trimmed with plum colored silk and cream tinted ostrich tips, was worn with this elegant suit. Cream tinted gloves stitched in plum color, and a plum colored silk muff, edged with a double ruching of cream colored ostrich tips, were adjuncts of marked style and good taste to the toilette.

OUR WORK TABLE.

The fancy of the present seems to consist in reviving old things. As old fashions are closely copied, so many species of fancy work sometime laid aside as passee are being renewed. Leather work may be reckoned among the little industries alluded to above. For decorating small book shelves, brackets, etc., it is extremely pretty when the designs are artistic and carefully wrought out. We would council the avoidance of flowers, as they are apt to look clumsy. No prettier designs than ivy leaves of different sizes, the bramble, vine leaves and berries, small maple, elm or leaves of the holly can be selected.

We propose to give a few directions concerning the making of such in our Work Table for this week. The requisites for making them are two varieties of leather, calf skin and the kind called "kip." The leather may be obtained in small pieces at but little cost from the shoemaker, although it can be procured at stores, where material for fancy work is sold. Two kinds of varnish are needed—copal, and a colorless varnish made by dissolving shellac in alcohol. Brushes suitable for the varnish are needed, and two awls, one sharp-pointed, the other blunt. A pair of sharp scissors for cutting out the patterns and covered wire for mounting. Some small round peas of different sizes for berries, fragments of old kid gloves for covering these latter, and now to work.

We will take first the ivy leaf pattern, advising our readers, if possible, to get the natural leaf in different sizes, and pinning down upon a piece of cardboard, carefully trace the pattern, and cut it out, keeping the leaf to refer to for tracing the direction of the veins. Soak the leather in cold water until it becomes pliant and easily cut, next dry it between cloths until it ceases to drip, then lay your leaf pattern upon it, and trace the outline with your sharp awl; cut it out and mark the tracery of the centre vein with your blunt awl, and the more delicate ones with the sharp pointed one. Before the leaf is thoroughly dry, shape it carefully in the hands, bending the sides up in the centre and pressing the outer edges down. Now for the stem. Cut a long strip from the thinner leather, not more than a sixth of an inch wide for the larger stems, and narrower for the smaller ones. Soak until flexible, and fold it around a thick steel knitting needle lengthwise, turning over the edge well; wrap it with soft woolen yarn, smoothly, from the top down, and lay aside to dry. When dry the leather can be slipped off the needle, and by running the covered wire through it, can be bent into any shape, and attached to the leaves. Now about the varnishing. After the leaves are dry, if you wish to represent walnut wood—for you must remember that leather work is intended to represent wood carving—then use copal varnish; if you desire to represent maple or oak, use the colorless shellac varnish. To form the berries, cut a circular piece from your kid glove fragments, and cover a pea, wrapping the ends of the kid well with fine wire—this latter is preferable to thread, because by leaving an end remaining of it, you can the more easily group your berries. Arrange in clusters, copying nature as faithfully as possible, and when you decorate your shelf or basket, see that you color it to match your leather work. Any other leaf may be made by following the directions above. Attach large sized leaves to the shelf or bracket by means of fine matting tacks or "beads." Vine tendrils may be made by cutting fine strips of leather, and wrapping damp around a knitting needle. Baskets of leather work are sometimes made by having the foundation of interwoven strips an inch wide, and decorating the edges and handle with a wreath of leaves and berries.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Cream tinted gauzes, with raised arabesque figures in silk and satin, are among the novelties for evening dresses, to be worn over faille or gros grain.

The polonaise has returned, draped in soft clinging folds.

Cream colored chips trimmed with similarly tinted lace, and a profusion of flowers, are the spring bonnets.

Veils of cream tinted net are the latest.

Flowers are worn everywhere about the dress, even suspended from the black velvet dog collar. Fuschias are chosen for the latter.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Coladay & Co., for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS MARY L.—Answered your very pleasant letter by mail; hope to be again favored.

"GUSSIE SMITH".—The goods generally used for riding habits, is a soft species of cloth —"lady's cloth," it has been termed. Quantity required would be from eight to ten yards, according to width. In double width goods eight yards will be ample for skirt and basque. We can furnish patterns for 75 cents and two stamps for mailing. 2. A set of jewelry, such as you desire, if real, will cost you from ten to thirty dollars, according to size and carving. You can procure an admirable imitation, hardly to be distinguished from the real for from three and a half to ten or twelve dollars.

POST WATCHER.—Your kind note afforded us much gratification. We are glad to be of service to you. For silk, of the width you mention, it will require about eight yards, independent of trimming. The back widths should be at least thirteen inches longer than the front and side widths, in order to loop gracefully. Turn up three or four plaits near the top of your widths before sewing to the side widths. Drape the back by means of tapes sewed on just below the bouffant part on the inner seams, and fasten to the belt, regulating the length by trying the skirt on before fastening the tapes permanently. The style will not appear old, in autumn next, we think, judging from present fashion rumors; still when one has not very many changes in silk costumes, it is well to make in such a style as will admit of altering. We would advise a black or brown onip. Nothing could be more useful or stylish. We trust you may find these things useful. NIXON.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE; OR, MODERN MATRIMONY.

BY G. P. M.

He—What can a man do when a woman's perverse,
And determined to have her own way?
She—At the altar you took me for better or worse,
Am I worse than you took me for, say?
Silly elf,
Am I worse than you took me for, say?

He—For an angel I took you in beauty and worth—
The parson a woman has given.
She—A man would prefer a true woman on earth
To all the bright angels in heaven,
Silly elf,
To all the bright angels in heaven.

He—I've found you a Tartar. My feelings you hurt
At the veriest trifle, of course.
She—Forgetting a button to sew on your shirt
You deem a good ground for divorce,
Silly elf,
You deem a good ground for divorce.

He—Well, marriage a lottery is, and a blank
Some men surely draw all their lives.
She—Such fellows as you, sir, themselves have to thank,
Good husbands make always good wives,
Silly elf,
Good husbands make always good wives.

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

[This story was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 53. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER VII.

PASSAWACK IS LOST—THE WOUNDED MOOSE—A TERRIBLE RIDE.

Passawack smarted under the derisions of the older red men. The appellation of star-shooter, however well he deserved it, did not please him. For some days he brooded over the fire hunt in his father's wigwam, and good natured Mahesta, the Smiler, could not draw him from his abstraction. One night he left the village, and the morning found him not among the lodges. When night again came without finding the red boy in Androscoggy, some uneasiness was manifested and a search was proposed.

Red Wolf, who was the youth's uncle, organized a hunting party, and one evening the village was left behind.

The youth's trail led up the mountain, and the party advanced steadily towards the summit. The sky overhead was thickly studded with stars, and a cool but not unpleasant wind blew through the pines.

Of course our young Portlanders accompanied the party, and Mahesta and Tonguato, Passawack's companions, refused to remain behind at Red Wolf's suggestion.

I will not weary the reader with an account of the search for the lost Indian boy, but hasten to the incident that took place during the night on the mountain.

Mount Bigelow was half conquered before the party made any considerable halt. The halt was occasioned by a severe sprain received by Mark Boidly, who was unable to proceed without a rest. Red Wolf said that the search must proceed if possible without interruption, and Mark was left in a pine copse with his friend Luther, and Mahesta. Kit assured the trio that he would return to Androscoggy by the copse and take them into the party again.

There had sprang up between Mark and the Smiler a friendship strong as links of steel, and he rejoiced when the youth was commissioned to stay with him in conjunction with Luther.

An hour passed away without incident, save the telling of several weird stories by the Indian boy, who loved to spin yarns like an old sailor. As the night was not cold, the party had built no fire, but sat on a fallen pine and chatted good humoredly in the soft light of the stars.

In the midst of a story the red storyteller suddenly paused, and his hand dropped upon Mark's arm.

"Look!" he whispered; "the big moose from Manitou land!"

His manner told his white friends that he was frightened, and I will own that the apparition which had arrested his attention was enough to appal the stoutest heart. The paler faces grew deathly when they beheld it.

Standing not twenty feet from the trio appeared the ghosts of at least five-and-thirty moose. In the dim light of the stars and under the snow-freighted branches of the pines, they looked like demons and giants from shadow-land. Their antlers were enormous, their eyeballs of phosphorescent fire, and their skins a strange gray, decidedly ghostly.

It is no wonder that Mahesta stopped in the midst of a sentence to make the exclamation that fell from his lips. Naturally superstitious like the American Indian, he believed the moose the inhabitants of "Manitou land" as he expressed the "unseen country" of the whites, and feared them.

In mingled horror and astonishment the trio continued to look at the phantom troop which returned their gaze, and for several minutes the silence was not broken. The hour and the place added to the supernaturalness of the scene.

"They're not ghosts!" said Luther Knight at last, and in the lowest of whispers.

"Ball go through them, make no hole," returned Mahesta, with a shake of his head, never removing his eyes from the spectres.

"Try them," suggested Mark, and Luther picked up his rifle.

But the Indian boy touched him on the shoulder and shook his head again.

Luther looked into the Smiler's eyes and cooked his weapon.

At the click of the lock some of the great heads were suddenly lifted, and a strange light appeared in the Indian's eyes.

"Now what does Mahesta say?" said Luther. "Ghosts in a horn! Let each of us fire upon the herd."

With manifest reluctance Mahesta raised his rifle, and the next instant three reports blended into one awoke the echoes of the copse.

The effect was startling and totally unlooked for.

The herd started back from the flashes of the guns, but two of the number sank on their knees with bellowings of pain, while their companions turned to the right and rushed away. They made the mountain shake as it were beneath their great hoofs.

"Good!" cried Luther, who with Mahesta sprang forward knife in hand for the purpose of finishing the work of the rifle shots.

The moose lay on the snow apparently in a stupor, for their groanings had ceased and they were motionless.

Gigantic fellows they were, and strong of limb.

Mahesta bled one, who moved when the knife severed the jugular vein, then fell over in the last agonies of death. Luther having watched the operation, pulled back the second head and bent over the palmated horns with his knife. Then a royal blow he struck, so far as strength was concerned, but missed the important spot.

The stroke, unfortunately for the young hunter, brought the moose to his feet with a suddenness that drew a cry of horror from three pair of lips, and Mahesta involuntarily recoiled from the sight.

Luther went up with the wounded beast, fastened on the huge antlers in a manner that rendered self rescue impossible, and recognized his peril with a shriek of terror.

For a moment the moose seemed to collect his strength, and Mahesta in that brief interval of time shot forward with his knife.

But alas! the heroism of the Indian boy was of no avail; the mad animal darted away, and the blade intended for his heart grazed his flank.

Mark Boidly, who, with white face was advancing, despite his sprained ankle, was hurled to the ground as he happened to be in the animal's path, and when he rose he saw the moose dashing down the mountain with a dark object impaled on his grayish horns.

If he shut his eyes to the terrible scene and tried not to anticipate Luther's fate it is not strange. Mahesta, more white than Indian, if we judge from color and not blood, leaped towards Mark, crying:

"White boy bad ride! moose never stop running!"

Mark groaned and gazed after the disappearing animal and his unwilling rider.

"The moose may drop dead," he said. "Was he deadly wounded, Mahesta?"

"Moose not much hurt that run that way," replied the Indian. "Ball hit him in head and make him still for 'while—that all."

"Poor Luther!" said Mark, turning away. "Mahesta, I can never go back to Portland without him."

"Then white boy live forever with Indian," and a faint smile came to the red youth's lips.

After a minute's silence, a sound like the report of a rifle far, far away down the mountain, fell faintly upon the listeners' ears.

"I pray to God that some person may have shot the moose!" ejaculated Mark, fervently; but Mahesta was silent.

"Come, if white boy can walk," he said, after a while.

"Walk?" exclaimed Mark, forgetting his affliction. "On the trail of that moose I could walk around the world."

And so they left the spot.

Let us follow the young Mazeppa.

The horror of his situation, sinking each moment deeper into his mind, cannot be described. His ankles being wedged between the palmates of one antler, he was obliged to cling with his hands to the encrusted root of the other to prevent banging headlong to the ground. He clung with tenacity to the antler, which seemed, indeed was, his only safety, as the elk dashed through the woods displeased with the burden he had forced upon himself.

Luther did not shout; on the contrary he rode on in silence, mutely appealing to heaven for help. The pines appeared spectres to him as he was borne past them, and his great snow-shoes, almost white, looked strangely indeed among the antlers. He knew that the moose was bearing him down the mountain, and hoped that fortune would drive him towards Androscoggy. He was entirely weaponless, his knife having fallen from his hand at the uprising of the moose; with it even, he could not have rescued himself.

Out of the pines at last and down an open country dashed the moose, with speed somewhat slackened. At last he paused, tried in vain to shake his burden off, and started on again.

The next moment the report of a rifle almost deafened Luther; the flash lit up and seemed to scorch his pale face.

The moose was checked; his rider felt a shudder pass over his stalwart frame; then they fell to the ground.

The figure of an Indian youth leaped forward and recognized the white boy with a startling cry.

The moose was quite dead.

"Help me out of this, Passawack!" said Luther. "Be easy with my feet, which I half believe are crushed."

Passawack, for the rescuer was the Indian lost from Androscoggy, soon relieved Luther, who could not stand, but leaned against his preserver after embracing him.

"Passawack was going back," the red boy said. "He saw moose coming with something on his horns, so he shoot and save pale star-shooter," and at the word he smiled faintly. "Moose big fellow, eh! Run like a wolff!"

By and by the twain joined the other parties, and Luther was congratulated on his lucky escape. All returned to camp with the big moose amid much rejoicing, and as an outward expression of his gratitude Luther presented Passawack with an ornamented rifle which the Indian youth had admired.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

Motto for ladies' leap year banner—"Let no jilty man escape."

After Ulsters and pull-backs, what?—Ex. Why, women after the one and men after the other. Such is life.

A young lady says the best "Fashion Notes" are $50 greenbacks. But the style is not much in vogue hereabouts.

An exchange heads an article, "Why Don't the Men Propose?" Because this is leap year, and it is not the men's business.

They have found a man out west who says he isn't coming to the Centennial, and they propose sending him on to the exhibition as a curiosity.

We have discovered another difference between Prince Bismarck and ourselves. When Bismarck has a cold it is telegraphed across the ocean; but when we have a cold it is "blabed udpleasadt."

A Chicago genius has invented a "Sunday evening parlor chair," intended to hold two persons, with some scrouging. It cannot be intended as a "lover's chair," for lovers manage to make one ordinary chair answer the purpose, without complaining — without the lovers complaining, we mean.

That bill introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature, making it a penal offence to point a gun at a person in fun, is all right; but we would prefer to see a law enacted making the crime of whistling in an editor's sanctum punishable with death—some pleasant, easy death.

Prof. Rudolph says he has found out that "the sun is a white, hot mass, 856,000 miles in diameter, having a surrounding ocean of burning gas 50,000 miles deep, with tongues of flame darting upward 50,000 miles." The Professor may be right, but we have always been taught that the place he describes is located below, not above.

Landis is "not guilty." And now if you go into a New Jersey printing office and ask to see the editor, the office boy will yell in a speaking tube, and should curiosity impel you to follow up that tube, you will find that it leads to a fire and burglar proof safe on the top floor, in which the editor is cramped, probably writing an editorial on "The Freedom of the Press," with a revolver between his teeth, and the handle of a bowie-knife peering over his boot leg.

What's in a dream! The other evening a loving wife pleaded with her husband, "Don't go out to-night, dear. I dreamed last night that you were brought home dead, and I'll be dreadfully worried if you go out." But he only remarked "Nonsense," slipped on his overcoat, and out he went. Sure enough, about midnight he was brought home dead—drunk! The two policemen who had him in charge consoled his stricken wife by observing that they would lock him up in the station house, next time.

—*Norristown, Pa., Daily Herald.*

CENTENNIAL NEWSPAPER EXHIBITION.

At the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia, a building is in course of construction to be used solely for an exhibition of newspapers. It occupies a conspicuous position near the miniature lake, on a line between the United States Government Building and Machinery Hall.

The plan of exhibition is an alphabetical arrangement of partial files of each newspaper or periodical in such a manner as will make them instantly accessible; the space devoted to each bearing a label with the name of the publication printed thereon, and further designated by a number, by means of which a stranger upon reference to his catalogue will be able at once to approach the section of the building where the particular journal which he desires to examine or refer to may be found.

The cases containing these files will form alcoves similar to those in public libraries for the arrangement of books; these alcoves forming long tiers, one on each side of the building throughout its entire length, a portion of the space between being reserved for the accommodation of attendants, leaving a passage way for the public eighteen feet in width extending from one end of the structure to the other.

The second story, approached by four flights of stairs, is devoted to reading rooms for the accommodation more especially of newspaper men, and will be supplied with conveniences for correspondents.

A catalogue giving the name of each newspaper, its frequency of issue, and the number which designates the position allotted to it, together with such statistical information as will serve to convey a comprehensive knowledge of the nature and extent of the business of newspaper publishing in America, will be issued in a compact form, not differing very much in size and appearance from the Official Catalogues of the four departments of the principal exhibition.

Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, of New York, will assume the management of the enterprise, and with him will rest the responsibility of making it what it should be.

For the suggestion of this Exhibition of Journalism in the full and complete manner proposed, the press and public are indebted to General Jos. R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, himself a newspaper man of large experience and advanced views, who knows better than most men that in this particular interest the United States are not only in advance of any other country, but that they furnish more and better papers, having a larger aggregate circulation than those of all the other nations of the world combined.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE brilliant colors on the backs of playing cards are put on by means of a combination of arsenic and copper. The work of putting it on is injurious to the eyes of the artisans. So is that of putting on the smooth glaze which makes the cards easy to shuffle. This is made of white lead.

RAINWATER brings down yearly about twelve pounds of ammonia per acre of ground To supply an equal amount in sulphate of ammonia at six cents per pound would cost the farmer $2 88, and this is therefore the manurial value of rain. To this, however, must be added a certain quantity of nitric or nitrous acid.

TO FIND a meridian line, take a piece of board, or any similar material, and describe on it a number of concentric circles. Place this in the sun; over the centre hang a plummet. Observe the shortest shadow from the plummet; the sun will then be on the meridian; draw a line to the centre of the circle, and that will be the true meridian line. This will do to mark the apparent time, or to correct the compass for variation.

A FRENCH gentleman, M. Boulade, has discovered that if freshly-gathered plants are spread out between sheets of filtering paper in the usual herbarium manner, and then heated between two bricks in an oven for two or three hours, at about 150 degrees Fahrenheit, they will be perfectly and permanently preserved without impairment of the most delicate colors. The process is rendered more rapid and certain if the layer of filtering paper next the flowers be changed after about an hour.

THE following recipe for mucilage to mend fossils and minerals, and, after several months experience with it in the museum, has been found so valuable that we give it for the benefit of our readers: Starch, two drachms; white sugar, one ounce; gum arabic, two drachms; water, sufficient quantity. Dissolve the gum, add the sugar, and boil until the starch is cooked. It is a very adhesive mucilage, and, owing to the sugar, never becomes brittle; so that it never scales off, as most glues do, from stones or other hard substances. In a geological cabinet it is simply invaluable.

MANY European and American surgeons now use raw cotton with excellent success in the dressing of wounds. The reason given is that "a layer of cotton spread over a wound or over the surface exposed by amputation, protects the part thoroughly, filters the air, and prevents the access of floating germs, whether poisonous or not." The cotton should be fresh and of good quality. It should not be previously exposed to the air of the hospital in which it is used, nor to the foul air of the ward, while renewing the dressing. The kind of cotton to be used is that manufactured in the form of wadding.

A PAPER was recently read before the London Society of Arts on an invention for concentrating or condensing beer. It appeared, from the paper, that beer of any kind may be condensed in vacuo, so as to save not only the alcohol but the volatile flavors and aroma, which would otherwise pass away in reducing the extract to a semi-fluid condition. In remixing the alcohol containing the fragrant matters of the beer again with the extract, all the constituents of the beer are retained except the water, of which nine-tenths or more are removed. This affords a saving of seven-eighths of the freight. Moreover, as the condensing arrests fermentation till the beer is remade by mixing with water, the loss in the export of beer from its becoming sour and unsound in transit is saved.

THE effect of light, regarded as the revival of life in the vegetable world, has just been illustrated by the observations near Athens of Professor Hendrich, under very curious circumstances. The mines at Laurium, concerning which of late years there have been such active diplomatic procedures, consist for the most part of the scoriæ produced by the workings of the ancient Greeks. These still contain a great deal of silver, which can be extracted by the superior appliances of modern times. Beneath these scoriæ have lain in a dormant state for at least one thousand five hundred years the seeds of a kind of poppy of the genius Glaucium. But since the scoriæ have been removed to the furnaces, this plant has sprung up with its pretty yellow petals over the whole space which they covered. Unknown in modern times, it was described by Pliny and Dioscorides, and disappeared from the face of the globe for fifteen or twenty centuries.

PERSONALITIES.

MR. AND MRS. SARTORIS, the President's son-in-law and daughter, will leave England for America in April.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S night-cap was wrought with gilded silk, and she always had two pillows all to herself.

THE lady journalists of Philadelphia have organized a press club, and named it the Seventy-six Club. The title, we presume, has no allusion to the ages of the members.

GENERALS McCLELLAN, Burnside and Fitzhugh Lee, will be the field officers of the New England, Middle and Southern battalions of the Centennial Legion.

FRANK LESLIE has arranged with the United States Centennial Commission for a department in which the inventions and handiwork of boys only will be exhibited.

THE Pope is a very fine musician, and even at his advanced age his voice is both sweet and powerful. At high mass he joins heartily in the singing, and executes the Gregorian chants with superb effect.

A YOUNG American lady who has enjoyed the rare privilege of taking a stroll with the poet Tennyson, incidentally mentions in a letter to a friend that "it seriously affected the romance of the situation when he paused during the walk to scratch his back against a gate post."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has drawn attention to the Centennial phenomenon that a number of night heron have not yet migrated southward from Charles river, although it is their custom usually to depart towards the end of October. Put salt on their tails and send them to the great Exposition.

MR SPURGEON, being a sensible parent, let his twin sons freely choose their calling. One became a clerk, and the other an engineer's apprentice; but, after all, these chips of the old block are now engaged in ministerial work. It is said that Charles Spurgeon, Jr., "gives promise of becoming a powerful preacher."

THEODORE, the son of the Monarch of Abyssynia, has just left London for Paris, where he will spend the remainder of the winter. So complete has been the young Prince's English training that he has forgotten his native language, and is only able to converse freely in English. He is a very amiable youth, and has been the lion lately at several parties in the West End.

THE London Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of the American girl in England, says: "Like the wind, she goeth where she listeth; but every man knoweth whence she cometh. She arouses the hostility of English matrons the moment she sets foot on British soil. Few of them are aware that she has been purposely trained to self-reliance and self-assertion like her brother, from infancy. Such a training shows itself in her manner, which grates as harshly on British feelings as her voice too often does on British ears."

WHITEFIELD, the great evangelist, has been dead a hundred years, but it is with difficulty he has been kept in the crypt where his body was laid, in the old church at Newburyport. Parts of his skeleton and chips from his tomb have been carried away by relic hunters, and the sexton has orders to watch every visitor. Somebody once stole one of the arms, but, after being taken across the Atlantic, it was returned with a letter of penitence from the thief. The box in which it was sent is now kept in the coffin.

THE Queen, who, after the manner of British matrons, wears a pointed-lace cap, came near losing her crown in consequence at the opening of Parliament. She wore a miniature crown of diamonds, and, as she took her seat on the chair of state, her long white cap strings became entangled in her robes and "almost pulled her cap off her head," as the London journals say. But the Princess Beatrice, who stood close behind, grabbed the sacred bauble and deftly tidied the royal head gear. The Queen wore a royal purple velvet, almost black, black fan and black gloves, diamond necklace and orders; Beatrice, maize-colored silk, trimmed with green velvet; Louise, lilac colored, trimmed with bars of black velvet.

PERLEY POORE sends the following from Washington to the Boston Journal: "Gen. Sheridan is growing rather stout, and looks more like the president of a country saving bank than the *beau sabreur* who rode so gallantly down the Valley of Virginia. When his exploits as a dashing dragoon first began to attract attention here, Secretary Wells asked President Lincoln, who had seen him, what manner of man Sheridan was. 'Well,' replied Mr. Lincoln, 'he is a brown, chunky little chap, with a long body, short legs, not enough neck to hang him, and such long arms that if his ankles itch, he can scratch them without stooping.' It would be hard work for him now to buckle on his spurs, even if he stooped."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Lover's Quarrel. What He Died For. Forgiven at Last. Uncle Charley. My Kate. Tempted. Going to the Centennial. A Woman's Struggle.

T. MCN.—The real name of the author whose *nomme de plume* is "George Elliot," is Mrs. G. H. Lewes.

ENGAGED.—Some ladies wear the engagement ring on the forefinger of the left hand, and others on the third. The forefinger, however, has, we think, the preference.

INQUIRER.—"What are the countries that are meant when the term 'The Great Powers of Europe' is used?" There are six, namely, Austria, Germany, England, France, Russia and Italy.

C. L.—Excellent law schools are attached to the University of Pennsylvania, to Columbia College, in New York city, to Yale College, at New Haven, and to Harvard College, at Cambridge. Circulars giving full details as to tuition and charges will be sent you on application to them.

H. G. E.—You have a great deal to learn yet before you could hope to pass the requisite examination to enter the United States Navy, if you don't know better than to spell as follows: "I no nothing about it." In what capacity do you think of entering? We must know this before we can answer your questions.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—We sympathise with you in your affliction, but trust that it is not quite so serious as you at present dread. The matter, however, which you refer to us, is not one on which we could advise you, as we know nothing about your surroundings. Surely you have relations and friends who could better advise you than utter strangers can possibly do!

DWARF.—The celebrated statue, Venus de Medici, was only four feet two inches in height, and that was the standard of beauty of feminine proportion among the Greeks, who brought the art of sculpture to its utmost perfection. You may therefore take heart of grace, and not break your heart about being "only four feet seven inches."

LUTHER.—From the cognomen that you give, we should think you have ample time to find out for yourself the desired information regarding the superstitious ideas of spiritualism, second sight, etc. Improve your mind upon more useful subjects; let the "dead past bury its dead," and cease endeavoring to discover what the future will bring forth. "Bide your time," and leave the future to Providence.

UNHAPPY.—Your mother is quite right. A man at the age of thirty-six, if not steady then, will scarcely ever become steady at all. The best thing you can do is to tell him yourself, and that you think it would be the wisest plan to break off your engagement. Such plain speaking on your part may have the desired effect, and, if so, you might marry him; but, if not, you had better break off all further correspondence.

B. E. D.—You should examine very carefully indeed, any investment that promises large returns for a small capital before you venture upon accepting it. Such baits are held out in abundance nowadays by the sharpers who live on the credulity and folly of people, and every day we hear of persons who have been lured into enterprises by just such enticing inducements offered as you speak of, and find out when too late that they have been victimised.

A. E. G.—"Please tell me how the saying, 'a little too thin,' first originated?" The following is the most probable origin of this expression which has become so popularised: When Franklin Pierce was nominated and elected President, his New Hampshire friends were considerably astonished, and none more so than the distinguished General McNeill, who characteristically remarked, "Pierce is a fair third-rate country lawyer in New Hampshire, but when you come to spread him out all over the country, he is a little *too thin*."

TRAVELER.—In reply to your question regarding "the difference between the intermediate and the steerage passages on board the steamers running between Philadelphia and Liverpool," we would say that the intermediate is a grade better than the steerage, the former being forty dollars, and the latter twenty-eight dollars. In the saloon the American Steamship Co. are now, as business is dull, accepting a rate of seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars currency outward, and at the price it is far better than the intermediate, and particularly so for a lady.

NOT-TO BE-SAT-OUT.—When a gentleman calls upon a lady, and after he has arrived another gentleman calls, the rule is that the first visitor should leave before the second one does, and he should take his departure soon after the second one arrives. If the first visitor should be an accepted lover of the lady, the rule would not apply to him; but if both gentlemen were only acquaintances, and on equal terms, the rule would be inexorable, unless the lady should request the first visitor to remain, in such a manner that he would see that she really wished him to do so, in which case he would be at liberty to remain.

J. K. W.—Your friends are right in maintaining that no lady should respond to a matrimonial advertisement. Such advertisements are inserted in the newspapers by men who either wish to entrap credulous girls into their power, or else to quiz them for their own amusement. It may be that now and then some person who is honest in his intentions puts such an advertisement in a paper; but when that is the case the advertiser is apt to be such a natural born fool that no woman would be happy with such a husband. It is our decided conviction that no girl of refinement, or who has as much self-respect as she ought to have, would ever enter into correspondence with a stranger through such means.

RINK.—"I have heard of skating rinks in the Old Country where people skate without ice; how do they do it?" You refer to the skating rinks in Paris, and we think there is one at least in London. The rink is a large room, with an asphalt floor, and the skates are set on rollers, four on each. Even good skaters cannot move with ease when they first put these skates on. The sport, of course, is not so exhilarating as it is with us on ice, in the open air, but in the rink they can defy wind and weather, and it is a fashionable rendezvous. Excellent lunches and suppers can be had there, and it is a very delightful place to spend an afternoon.

T. M. S.—It is never too late to repent of either having done an evil deed, or of having made a rash engagement to marry; but the recantation should be made in a frank and candid spirit. Tell your lover plainly that you find, on closer acquaintance, that he does not equal the expectations you had formed of him, that you have lost the affection you entertained for him, and decline to accept him as a husband. There are many cases in life where the honorable fulfilment of a pledge given without due thought involves a sacrifice. In merely temporary matters it is of little moment, but in the case where the happiness of two lives are concerned, we think that both parties should pause before committing themselves to the final step.

CARNIVAL.—There are various names for the day immediately preceding Ash Wednesday. Shrove-tide, or Shrove-Tuesday, as it is called in the Church, is derived from an Anglo Saxon word, "Shriven," to confess, being the day on which confession is enjoined to be made in preparation for the fast days of Lent. By the French it is called *Mardi Gras* (Fat Tuesday), by the Germans, *Fastnacht*, and by the Italians, *Carnival*, all implying a day given up to merriment, being the culmination of that long festive season begun at Christmas-tide, and the maddest, merriest day of all. In this country the day has little of the religious aspect which it still retains in some European countries. In the city of New Orleans it is observed in its perfection.

HARRY W.—If you will take our advice, give up your idea of going into a store, and, instead, learn a trade. In the store, or in an office, you will find yourself some day out of employment, with no regular business, nothing to fall back upon, and no power of doing anything. Above all, do not waste time by thinking about what you should do, waiting for some opening to turn up. Remember that every year you are growing more and more disqualified to learn a trade. The younger you begin, the better for you. By the time you have reached manhood, you will have got through your apprenticeship, and will have acquired some useful art of which no adversity can deprive you. Wherever you are, and wherever you go, you have always in your own hands the means of earning a competency, and enjoying a feeling of independence unknown to those who have wasted their opportunities by never learning a trade.

MISCELLANEOUS.—B. S.—We know of no remedy for bowlegs, but you might consult some skilful physician. I. F. K.—We must decline to discriminate. Ask at any bookstore. G. L. R.—Nothing will make hair curl, if it has no natural tendency to do so. There is no use whatever in trying to make it. YOUNG WRITER.—Yes, bad spelling, imperfect punctuation and frequent erasures would render the chances of your MSS. being accepted by any editors extremely small indeed. SOLDIER.—Write to the Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C., and he will send you all the necessary information. GERMAN.—A minor cannot institute or maintain a suit at law except in the name of the guardian or next friend. MAY.—You are at least two years too young to accept or seek the attentions of a gentleman; this also answers the other question. JACKSON.—Certainly the will will be perfectly good, if there is no later one, and if it is properly drawn up. C. M. N.—We do not sell our chromo by itself. It can only be obtained by subscribing for the POST.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*